THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1858.

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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

LINES

Affectionately Inscribed to Port Deposit, Md.

BY MISS H. R. SEARS.

Brightly flows the Susquehanna, bright as in those by-gone days,
When its glorious wealth of waters used at first to charm my gaze;
Hills and rocks and trees together, on its banks seemed rudely piled,
And the voice of streamlets gushing, made a music glad and wild,
Like the unrestrained expression of a happy little child.

But to-day a smoother picture lies before me 'neath the sky,
Softened partly by the distance, where the smooth round hill-tops lie;
While the river gently floweth the more level banks between,
On whose richer soil the verdure hath a brighter, warmer green,
Blending a luxuriant beauty with the influence serene.

And the peace that gently cometh to the soul's maturer years,
Only born of life's experience, watered o'er with many tears,
And the beauty that upspringeth when all early blooms decay,
From their waste fresh life deriving, and renewing all the way,
Lead me through the past and distant to the freshness of to-day.

Well I love thee, Port Deposit, love thy wild and rocky shore,
Love thy hills, with pine and hemlock and the laurel covered o'er,
Ever green, as through all changes of my life will mingled be,
Even in its darkest winter, pleasant, loving thoughts of thee,
my sunny hours to brighten, in my gloom to comfort me.

an I e'er forget thy friendships? from the hearts that drew the strain
rom short, unwilling partings,—"When shall we all meet again?"
ow we meet no more, yet ever do I wander side by side,
With those noble, loving spirits, in whose sphere I still abide,
With a sweet, serene affection, death itself cannot divide.

This is why the scene before me with another is combined,
Why the stern and rugged beauty of that picture for my mind
Hath a charm, a life not present in the tamer views around,
Something wanting that doth make it to my soul true hallowed ground,
A companionship in nature that in thee alone is found.

Harrisburg, April 1858

THREE KINDS OF FOLLY.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM."

A NIGHT OF TUMULT.

CHAPTER VI.

Things were almost coming to a revolt; never were poor tenant farmers so ground down and oppressed as those on the estate of Moat-Grange. Rents were raised, fines imposed, expenses, properly falling on landlords, refused to be paid or allowed for. Mr. Dalrymple, the present owner, was ruling with a hand of iron, hard and cruel.

As to the Grange itself, the dwelling mansion, it was the *dreariest* of the dreary. When Oscar Dalrymple through the extravagance of his wife, had been rendered liable for heavy debts, he had sold off the better portion of the furniture, retained two or three of the rooms as habitable for himself, wife, and one servant, and closed the shutters of the rest. There they lived, a life of penuriousness; and Selina, Mrs. Dalrymple, would sometimes unlock the doors of the once familiar rooms, and pace alone about their dusty floors, in anger and remorse almost uncontrollable. Anger against her husband, who need not have proceeded to this extreme pass, and remorse for her own folly, which had led to it.

Three years went by, and things grew worse; more wretched in-doors, more oppression out. One day Mr. Lee came up to the Grange, who who had rented all his life, and his father before him, under the Dalrymples.

"Sir," began Farmer Lee, without any circumlocution, when he was admitted to the presence of his landlord, "I am come up about that paper which has been sent to me from Jones, your lawyer. It's a notice that next Michaelmas, when my lease will expire, the rent is to be raised."

"Well?" said Mr. Dalrymple.

"A pound an acre."

"Well?"

"*A pound an acre*," repeated Farmer Lee, with increased emphasis, as if he thought he was not heard. "Jones must have made a mistake; you never could have told him that, sir. My daughters think he wrote it when he was drunk; for everybody knows that he has fits of drinking."

"They are the instructions I gave him, Mr. Lee."

"To raise my rent a pound a acre!" echoed the farmer, forgetting his grammar in his excitement.

"Exactly. The farm will bear it."

"No it won't bear it, sir, and I won't pay it."

"I am sorry for that, Mr. Lee, because it leaves only one alternative."

"And what's that?" asked Mr. Lee.

"To substitute in its place a notice to quit."

"To quit! to quit the farm! for me to quit my farm!" reiterated Mr. Lee, in his astonishment. "Why, it has been my home all my life, sir, and it was my father's afore me. I was born in that farm, Mr. Dalrymple, years and years before you ever came into the world, and I mean to die in it."

Mr. Dalrymple did not acquiesce or object in words. He only looked at him with his impassive face, and cold, colorless eye.

"It's my labor, sir, that has made it what it is," continued the farmer. "When my poor old father died, it was not half the farm it is now. Early and late have I been at my post, working myself, and seeing that my men worked. I have spared neither labor nor money to bring it to its present fine condition; you can't deny, Mr. Dalrymple, that it's the best worked and most flourishing land on the estate."

"My good sir, I do not deny it. I say as you do; that it is too flourishing to remain at its present low rent."

"The rent is not low, sir; the rent's a fair rent—fair for master and fair for tenant. Ask any impartial person, ask Mr. Cleveland, or ask Jones, and they'll say as I do. You don't seem to take into account, sir, that my money has brought it to what it is, and that I have not yet had a return for my money spent. If you raise the rent twenty shillings an acre, the money may just as well have been chucked into the dirt."

"I can make no alteration in my decision," said Mr. Dalrymple. "I have these complaints from day to day; nothing else but complaints. The land on my estate has considerably increased in value, yet those who reap the benefit object to pay a higher rent. I had two of you here yesterday, Watkins and Bumford."

"They have spent money upon their farms, too, they have, and the land hasn't answered to it bad. Good farmers are Watkins and Bumford," nodded the speaker, approvingly, "but they have not spent half what I have. You see, sir, we never looked for Mr. Dalrymple's dying young, and—"

"Are you speaking of Charles Dalrymple?" interrupted the owner of Moat-Grange.

"No, poor fellow, I don't mean Mr. Charles, I mean his father. Squire Dalrymple did die young, sir, so to say: you can't call a man under fifty, old. Well, he was a good landlord, and we were not afraid to lavish money on our farms, because we knew we should be allowed to reap its fruits ourselves. That's how it was, sir."

"Mr. Dalrymple's rule is past and gone; he was always indifferent to his own interests.—Had he been more alive to them, his death would not have left his family in the helpless condition that it did."

"You mean Mr. Charles's death and your succession, sir," boldly returned the farmer, though his tone lost none of its respect. "When Squire Dalrymple died and Mr. Charles succeeded, the family still lived on in comfort at the Grange here, as they had done before. And as they would have done after, had he lived, generous young fellow."

"A squandering young prodigate!" scornfully retorted Oscar Dalrymple.

"Well, he's gone, poor soul, and it will answer no end to speak for or against him, but he was a favorite on every road throughout the estate. And his death brought you to rule over us, and I am sorry to have to say, sir, that your rule's a very hard one."

"It will not be made easier," curtly rejoined Mr. Dalrymple. "I told Bumford and Watkins so yesterday. The terms proposed to you by Jones you must accept, or leave the farm."

The farmer took out his pocket-book; a huge leather affair, which could never be got in or out without damage to the pocket's entrance.

"Then I have got a bit of a document here, sir, which I needn't have shown, if you would have listened to reason without it. Somewhat better than six years ago, sir," he proceeded to explain, "when I was hesitating about laying out so much money upon the farm, knowing that my lease had entered on its last seven years, I put the question, right off-hand, to the squire: If I continued to lay out money on my land, and to build stables and else, as I wished to do, should I have the lease renewed on the same terms? And that's what he wrote me in reply. His end followed soon upon it."

Oscar Dalrymple took the note, yellow with lying by, from the farmer, and cast his eyes over it:

"DEAR LEE,—Put what money you like upon the farm, for I hereby pass you my word that at the expiration of the present lease, a fresh one shall be granted you on the same terms. Truly yours,

"R. DALRYMPLE."

"He thought of me and of this promise on his death-bed, the squire did," resumed the farmer, "and charged his son to fulfill it. Mr. Charles told me so himself, and that it should be all right."

"Charles and his father are gone," repeated Oscar Dalrymple, tossing back the letter with a gesture of contempt at Farmer Lee's simplicity. "That paper is not worth a farthing."

"Not in law; I am aware of that, sir; but I thought you'd need only look at it to act upon it. The squire was almost like a father to you, Mr. Dalrymple, and I never supposed but you would wish to carry out his wishes. I have felt as secure, having that document by me, as if it was a fresh lease."

Mr. Dalrymple rose.

"I will not detain you longer, Mr. Lee, your time is valuable."

"And what's my answer, sir?"

"That you pay the additional rent demanded, or give up the farm."

Farmer Lee was a quiet man, little given to bursts of anger, but he could not control some harsh epithets, directed to Oscar Dalrymple, as he walked towards his own land. In turning sharply out of a field, he came upon two ladies, one young and very nice-looking, the other getting in years, of thin, white features, and gray hair.

"Law, ma'am," cried he, touching his hat to the elder, "I'm glad to see you out again."

"Ay," she said, "I have had a long bout of it, the longest illness I ever had in my life. I am getting better, but slowly; and this fine spring day tempted me forth."

"And what is it that has been the matter?" asked the farmer. "We never could learn the rights of it. Old Reuben told my daughter Judith that it was as much weakness as anything."

"Reuben was right," said Mrs. Dalrymple. "Weakness and grief, that has been chiefly the matter, with me. Try as I will, Mr. Lee, I cannot overget my poor son's dreadful death. I have been ailing ever since, though it never told seriously upon my health till this last winter. And I have a great deal of trouble in many ways."

"Trouble, ma'am, there's nothing but trouble for all of us," spoke the farmer.

"You don't remember me, Mr. Lee," cried the young lady.

"Well, yes I do, miss; I remember your face. I think I had used to see you with poor Master Charles and the young ladies."

"I am Isabel Lynn; you remember now," she said, holding out her hand.

"Ay, I do," answered he, heartily shaking it "And if what we used to think was true, we should have had you among us for good, had Master Charles lived."

She turned away her face, blushing deeply, almost to tears, with her unhappy remembrances.

"And a lucky thing if it had been you and Master Charles to reign at the Grange, instead of what is now. I don't mean any disrespect to Miss Selina, ma'am," he added to Mrs. Dalrymple, "you are not afraid I do; but her husband is a hard master."

"You need not tell me he is," returned Mrs. Dalrymple, her eye kindling. "I know it too well."

"A good many of our leases are out this year, and he is raising us all—raising us shamefully. Mine a pound an acre."

"A pound an acre!" echoed Mrs. Dalrymple.

"Not a shilling less, ma'am. Jones sent me the notice yesterday, so I just put on my Sunday coat this morning and have been up to the Grange, and all the answer I have got is, that I may pay it or leave the farm. I showed him that letter of your husband's, ma'am, promising to renew the lease to me on the same terms to justify my laying out money on the land and homesteads. It was just as if I had shown him a bit of waste paper."

"Unjust!" murmured Mrs. Dalrymple.

"It's worse than unjust, ma'am, it's robbery. I laid out my hard savings under that specific promise, and I might just as well have chucked the money raked into the earth. There's nothing but oppression going on from one end of the farm to the other."

"And I fear that nothing else must be looked for from him," sighed Mrs. Dalrymple. "I wish he had never become my son-in-law. Selina is his wife, and the disgrace of these doings seems to reflect on us."

"It was a hard day that took Mr. Charles from us. Miss Lynn, I hope you won't forget to come and see us, while you are here; my daughters would feel hurt."

"Oh, I shall often come," she replied. "I am going to stay all the summer with Mrs. Dalrymple, if she will have me. Remember me to them."

They parted. At a distance, having stopped when his mistress stopped, whom he had been following, stood old Reuben, a most attached servant, who had served three generations of the family. When Charles Dalrymple died—or, to designate events correctly, when Charles Dalrymple committed suicide—Reuben had returned to the service of his mother, Mrs. Dalrymple. But, with her son, Mrs. Dalrymple had lost her means, and she told Reuben that she could not afford to keep a man-servant, hardly a maid, but Reuben replied that he had saved more than enough money to keep himself, and should live with Mrs. Dalrymple without pay, and wait upon her—*he* shouldn't leave her to the mercies of a dirty maid-of-all-work. And so he had done.

The farmer stopped to greet Reuben, and the two expatiated for some minutes, to their hearts' content, not in favor of Oscar Dalrymple.

"Would you believe that he wanted to charge Mrs. Dalrymple rent for that poor house we are in? It's a fact; but don't you mention it again."

"Impossible," said the farmer. "On her own estate—at least, what was here for years!"

"He did, and he gets it. Others manage it for her, for she couldn't afford to pay it. He is a bad man. Ah! if my poor young master had not been so rash! He would have come into the Dalrymple estates, Mr. Lee."

"What, Mr. Charles would?"

"As true as we are here," said Reuben. "The heir, Sir Charles's only son, is dead, and my poor Mr. Charles was the next heir. Though I dare say he never gave it a thought, in life, that the title and estates would ever drop to him."

"Why, he'd have come to be a baronet then, if he had lived!"

"A baronet with a large rent-roll. Sir Charles Dalrymple is in very bad health, and cannot last long."

"Does it come to that grasp-all?" breathlessly uttered the farmer, jerking his head in the direction of the Grange.

"No; more's the blessing," returned Reuben. "Moat-Grange was entailed on him, but Dalrymple's not. At Sir Charles's death the title lapses now; and I'm sure I don't know who'll get the money, except that it won't be Oscar Dalrymple; he's no favorite there. I hope Sir Charles will remember my poor mistress."

"If folks tell true," said the farmer, "it is Sir Charles who has helped her ever since our Master Charles died."

Reuben made no reply. He did not choose to assist the gossip of the neighborhood.

"And to think that Master Charles should have made away with himself, through a bit of temporary embarrassment, when if he had stood it out and battled with the storm, he would have succeeded to Dalrymple!" uttered the amazed farmer, as he said good-day to Reuben.

CHAPTER VII.

Positive rebellion came; open warfare between Oscar Dalrymple and his tenants. The notice of rent-raising, served upon several, had been withdrawn, and notice to quit substituted. To Farmer Lee among others. The farms were let over their heads, and it was known that the next thing would be ejectment. The whole neighborhood, formerly so peaceable, was in excitement.

Michaelmas-day was very near, and a meeting was held one night at Farmer Lee's. It could not be called a secret meeting, for the farmer would have disdained the name, but several stole to it with caution, conscious that their hearts were ready to speak treason against their landlord.

"Have ye heard the fresh movement?" asked Farmer Watkins, when he entered.

"I've heard it," responded an eager voice.—"Thoms is out."

"How did they get him out at last?"

"Unroofed him."

"No!"

"They did. As they did last week by the huts on the common. It's shameful."

"The next ejectment will be me," said Farmer Lee. "They won't have to unroof this, though, for I shall go out quiet, when the time comes."

"You will?" echoed a neighbor, in surprise.

"What's the good of holding out? It would only draw down expense and trouble upon us. They have got the law on their side. We'll talk it over presently when all have come in, but I think we must decide to give up, and what one does, all had better do."

"Give in to the hardship?" roared a farmer.

"The thing's this," said Mr. Lee, who was the largest holder on the estate, "won't it make the hardship worse, to defy them?"

"Well, let Dalrymple look to himself," significantly observed Farmer Bumford. "He'll get served out, may-be."

"How can he? We have no power to serve him out."

"We haven't; and should be afraid to use it, perhaps, if we had. But that unfortunate lot he ejected from the common, they arn't afraid. They are collecting there now, as I came by, and if there ain't mischief brewing, my name's not Dick Bumford."

"What do you think they will do?" asked Miss Judith Lee, who had entered to bring a large silver tankard of ale, and heard the last sentence with awe.

"Why, they'll duck Dalrymple in the nearest horse-pond, the first time they catch him abroad, that's my opinion," answered jolly Mr. Bumford.

"Is that all," said Miss Judith; "I feared you meant worse, for they are a lawless lot, if provoked. A ducking would do him good. Poor things," she added, "it's enough to make them lawless: the roofs torn off their heads and they forced out. I thought till now that such practices were confined to Ireland. What is he raring the cottages to the ground for?"

"To build up houses in their stead; which is what he means to do by Thoms's cottage.—No danger that Oscar Dalrymple will go and unroof houses, unless they are to come down: he wont cost himself a useless penny."

The unfortunate lot, spoken of by Mr. Bumford, were collecting on the outskirts of the common, in view of their late homes, and had Mr. Dalrymple appeared then, he might have been thankful to escape with only a ducking, for anger and revenge were at work within them. The group were in harsh converse, when footsteps were heard advancing, and they turned their sullen faces towards the sound.

Who should it be but Mrs. Dalrymple of the Grange, Oscar's wife. She had been spending the day with her mother, and was now going home escorted by Reuben. She affected to look another way, perhaps afraid to look towards them. One of the body advanced and stood in her way.

"You'd hurry by, would you!" said he, in a tone that spoke more of plaint than threat. "Won't you turn your eyes once, to the ruin your husband has wrought? Look at the mud and mortar! If the walls warn't of warm brick or costly stone, they was good enough for us.—Look at the spot! Them was our homes."

Selina trembled visibly. She was aware of the awful feeling abroad against her husband, and a dread rushed into her heart that they might be going to visit it on her. Would they ill-use her?—kill her!

Reuben spoke up: but he was old and weak, and powerless against so many, and he knew it; therefore his tone was more conciliating than it would otherwise have been.

"What do you mean by molesting Mrs. Dalrymple? Stand away, Dyke, and let her pass. You wouldn't hurt her: if she is Mr. Dalrymple's wife she was the squire's daughter, and he was always good to you."

"Stand away yourself, old man. Who said we was a going to hurt her?" roughly retorted Dyke. "'Taint likely, and you're said the reason why. Ma'am, do you see them ruins? Does they make you blush?"

"I am very sorry to see them, Dyke," answered Mrs. Dalrymple. "It is no fault of mine."

"Is it hard upon us, or not, that we should be turned out of the poor roofs that sheltered us? We paid our bit of rent, all on us, not one was a defaulter. How would you like to be turned out of your home, and told the poor-house was afore you and a order for it, if you liked to go there?"

"I can only say how very sorry I am," returned Mrs. Dalrymple, much distressed, as well as terrified. "I wish I could help you. I wish I could put you into better cottages to-morrow, but I am as powerless as you are."

"Will you tell him to do it? We are a coming up to ask him. Will you tell him to come out and face us and look at them ruins, and then go and see our wives and babbies a huddling in barns, lent us out o' charity? Tell him, ma'am, please."

Dyke moved away, and Mrs. Dalrymple lost no time in speeding on to the Grange. Reuben, when he had seen her safe in, returned home.

Mr. Dalrymple was in the oak parlor, comfortless and cold-looking at that season without fire, when his wife entered. She threw herself into a chair and burst into tears.

"I have been so terrified. As I came by the common, with Reuben, the men were there, and—"

"What men?" interrupted Mr. Dalrymple.

"Those you ejected from the cottages. They were not insolent to me, but they stopped me, and began to speak about their wrongs."

"Their—*wrongs*—did you say?"

"Yes, and I must say it," she firmly answered, goaded by fright and excitement to remonstrate against the injustice she had hitherto not dared to interfere with. "Cruel wrongs, Oscar, if you go on like this, oppressing all on the estate, you will be murdered as sure as you live. They will not bear it."

"Who will not bear it?"

"Any of them. I hear that there is a meeting at Lee's to night."

"Their chance of meeting on my estate will soon be ended," calmly responded Oscar Dalrymple. "They are a set of wretches, all; all in league against me, and that determined me to get rid of them."

"It is your own fault that they are against you. They never were against papa."

He did not think it worth while to reply.

"It is cruel to the farmers to turn them away, but it is doubly cruel to these men to have forced them from their cottages," continued Selina. "They paid their rent. Their wives and children, poor creatures, are in refuge in barns. The men said would I tell you to go out and look at them, huddling there. I would not have acted so, if I had not a shilling in the world, for I should expect a judgment to overtake me for my cruelty."

Mr. Dalrymple wheeled round his chair, and fixed his eyes on his wife.

"Whose cruel conduct has been the cause of it?" he asked, in his cold voice, ten times worse than another's anger. "Who got into secret debt to the tune of some six or seven thousand pounds, and let the bills come in to me?"

She dropped her eyes then, for his reproach was true.

"And forced me to retrench, almost to starvation, and grind down the tenants, to keep me from a prison? Was it you or I, Mrs. Dalrymple?"

"But things need not have proceeded to these extremes," she replied, her courage returning. "I am sure the debts must be nearly liquidated by now, and we ought not to have lived in this niggardly way, and made the Grange a byword in the county. The management of the estate might have gone on as it did in papa's lifetime, and no oppression or cruelty been exercised. It would only have taken a little longer period to clear us. No, Oscar, though I have never liked to say so much, it is your own mean, grasping spirit which has prompted to this, not the debts. I foresee that when you are clear and in the enjoyment of your full income, you will still be a cruel landlord. It is your nature."

"If by exacting the last farthing from all who rent under me, means cruelty, yes," he replied, "and I shall never live otherwise than we are living now, so don't let your hopes involve you in disappointment. The world's against me, and I'll be against the world. I'll snap my fingers at it, and show that I despise it."

He took up a book, and set himself down to read as he spoke. Mrs. Dalrymple fell into silence. She leaned her head upon her hand, and thought what a lamentable thing it was that he should be at the head of a fine estate. What a life's prospect was before her! And yet, perhaps, few would be inclined to pity her, for her own reckless extravagance, her deceit towards her husband, had led to it. But for that, he might never have become what he was.

Suddenly an even tramp of feet was heard outside the house, and before it had struck Selina what it might be, and given time to bolt and bar the doors, the malcontents of the common were in the hall, their numbers considerably swelled. It looked a formidable invasion—was it murder they intended, or was it arson, or what was it not? Selina, in her terror, flew to the top of the house, three stairs at a time, and the servant maid flew screeching after her; they both, with one accord, seized upon a rope, and the great alarm-bell boomed out from the Grange.

Up came the people from far and near; up came the fire-engines, the latter feeling exceedingly aggrieved at finding no fire; the farmers, disturbed in the midst of their pipes and ale, rushed up from Mr. Lee's; Mrs. Dalrymple and Miss Lynn, followed by Reuben, also went; and, in short, everybody went.

The hall was a scene of contention. Oscar Dalrymple stood in the midst of his undesirable visitors; he could not get rid of them, and they would insist upon being heard.

Poor old Reuben, grieved to the heart at the aspect of affairs altogether, went outside the house, and paced about in the moonlight, for it was a fine light night. He had strolled near the stables, when he was accosted by some one who stood aloof, under the shade of their side wall.

"What's the matter here, that people should be running in this way into the Grange?"

"It's something like a rise, I should call it," answered Reuben. "The whole estate has been put upon awfully."

"Who lives at the Grange? Mrs. Dalrymple?"

"Are you a stranger, then," asked Reuben, "that you don't know?"

"I am a stranger. Until this night I have not been in the neighborhood for many years. But I formerly was on intimate terms with the Dalrymple family, and have stayed here with them for weeks together."

"Have you now, though?" cried Reuben. "In the squire's time, sir?"

"In the squire's time. I remember you, I think, Reuben."

"Ay, I am, sir. Sad changes have taken place since then. My old master's gone, and Mr. Charles is gone, and the Grange is now Oscar Dalrymple's."

"I knew of Mr. Dalrymple's death. What became of his son?"

"He soon followed his father. It will not do to talk of, sir."

"What was the cause of his death?" returned the stranger.

Before Reuben could answer, Mr. Lee came up, and commenced a warm comment on the night's work.

"I hope there'll be no bloodshed," said he, "but Mr. Dalrymple has sent off a private messenger to the police station."

"This gentleman used to know the family," interposed Reuben, "and has come to the place to-night for the first time for many years. It's a fine welcome for him, this riot."

"I was asking some particulars of what has transpired since my absence," explained the stranger. "I have been out of England, and now thought to renew my acquaintance with the family. What did Charles Dalrymple die of? I knew him well."

"He fell into trouble, sir," answered Reuben. "A nasty, random, wicked London set got hold of him, and fleeced and ruined him, and he could not bear up against it."

"Died of it?" questioned the stranger.

"He killed himself," interrupted Farmer Lee, in a low tone. "He threw himself off one of the London bridges one night. Westminster, wasn't it, Reuben?"

"How deplorable!" said the stranger, after a pause. "Was he buried here? Can you show me his grave?"

"He was never found, sir," answered Reuben. "His hat was, but his body was not.—The tide carried it away."

"And so the Grange passed to Oscar Dalrymple?"

"Yes," said Farmer Lee. "He married the eldest daughter, Selina, Mr. Charles's sister.—And something not pleasant was up about them. They went to London, and Mrs. Oscar got into debt, and her husband brought her back here; and since then he has been an awful landlord, grinding us all down to powder. I rent under him."

"Oscar Dalrymple was always a grasping man."

"Ah, sir, but you have no conception what he is now," returned Mr. Lee: "there's not a more cruel tyrant going. We are most of us to be turned out next week from the farms that have sheltered us all our lives; that we have spent our savings upon and improved to what they are. And—as you know the place, sir, you must remember some poor cottages on the common."

"Very well."

"He has taken it in his head to build finer in their places, but the poor laborers would not go out, for there was no other low-rented hovels for them to turn to. So he pulled the roofs off and forced them out, and they are living in barns, without any better shelter.—These are the men that are making the dis-

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1858.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

DEATH OF THOMAS H. BENTON.

Hon. Thomas H. Benton died in Washington at half-past seven o'clock on the morning of April 10th. His disease was cancer in the stomach. He was 76 years of age on the 14th of March. A strong, earnest, indomitable man.

GRACE GREENWOOD'S NOVELET

We design commencing in our next number, "FOUR IN HAND; OR, THE BEQUEST," an original novelet by GRACE GREENWOOD.

HUMAN NATURE.

Anderson and Richards, two negroes, were recently executed in the city of Lancaster, in this State, for the murder of two respectable and elderly ladies, Mrs. Garber and Mrs. Ream. The murder was committed on the morning of December 16th, at the house of Mr. Conrad Garber, while he was out attending to business. Mrs. Ream was a relative by marriage of Mrs. Garber, and had called in to see her. While she was there, the murderers came in, on pretext of obtaining a job as chimney sweepers, and finding the women defenceless, they stabbed them, leaving them dead on the floor, and then stole such money as they could lay their hands on.

Anderson leaves a confession behind him. He says that they murdered the women for 12½ cents, which they wanted to get a pint of whiskey with. They had previously asked for food, and it had been given them.

This case contains in itself a sufficient answer to a certain class of so-called philanthropists, who continually take for granted the radical innocence and goodness of even the vilest of the community. This class of "philanthropists" may almost be imagined drawing up petitions for the pardon of such wretches as those mentioned above, calling them "poor fellows who have a great deal of good in them, only they were a little foolish and excited on that occasion."

All reasoning upon human nature which does not admit the possibility of its becoming thoroughly demoniac, even in the flesh, must necessarily fail to reach true and accurate conclusions. Here are two facts, which no man can deny:—the existence of men who would die by torture rather than pilfer a shilling from a millionaire; and the existence of men who would murder two old women in order to procure a shilling with which to buy a pint of whiskey. Thus human nature touches all the grades from the highest heaven to the lowest hell. As there is a possibility in it of infinite goodness, so there is a possibility of infinite wickedness—and one man dying, probably passes as naturally into the society of devils, as another into the innumerable company of angels.

Now, human laws and institutions should recognize this great fact of infinite diversity in the natures of men. If they fail to do so, they do so at their own peril, and at the peril of society. For it is not what men would *like* the world and human nature to be, but what the world and human nature *are*, that is the important question. A so-called philosopher may argue that it is very unjust that a man should be killed merely by attempting to step down a precipice—but none the less will the fall hurt him, if he make the experiment. He may argue that a thing is not just and right, and therefore ought not to be so, or even that it cannot be so—but if it is so, he either will have to alter his conduct in accordance with the fact, or suffer the consequences of stupidly—however "philanthropically"—ignoring it.

It is perpetually done by foolish men, but no wise man ever denounces the great laws of the universe. If a thing *be* so, not as a mere result of the free-agency of man, but as a great natural or spiritual fact, it is to be reverently accepted, not denounced. Although finite man cannot always see the perfect wisdom and love of all the conditions of his existence, it becomes him to attribute it to his own want of perception, and not to the weakness or oversight of the Infinite Creator. The Scripture says, "The fear of God is the *beginning* of Wisdom:" and every truly wise man knows this to be the case. He knows that it is not possible to enter into the palace of wide and lofty thought, except through the low-arched portal of a reverent humility—and that no man can be truly wise except so far as he is truly good.

It is unnecessary to give a special application to these remarks; for if the thoughts of men be just and right, their actions will be wise also. "Out of the heart are the issues of life." He who believes that there is very little difference between men, intellectually and morally—will have his opinions upon very many important subjects in Church and State vitally influenced thereby. And if that fundamental belief be false—as we think it is—his opinions, incarnated into actions and measures, will meet with rebuke after rebuke in the shape of constant failure and constant demoralization, because they will be out of the harmony of nature, and contrary to the established order of the universe. It is only as Man's laws accord with God's laws, that they can attain to any permanent success. Every departure from them is like an attempt to plant seed in the Winter with the expectation of reaping a harvest in the Spring. We may argue that it is very unwise and unjust to be restricted in this Northern clime to only one harvest a year, while in many other places they have two or more harvests—but if the fact be so, that is, to wise men, an end of the matter. And in the mental and spiritual as in the material world, he is the only wise worker who works in accordance with the established laws. Working thus, what he builds, whether as a private or public man, he builds upon the everlasting rock; the rock—not of a few fleeting decades—but of the enduring Ages!

AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

It is rather difficult for an impartial observer to come to a satisfactory conclusion as to the true condition of affairs in France at the present time—the reports are so various and conflicting. Even as to whether Louis Napoleon is taking especial care to secure his personal safety, or is exposing himself freely and even recklessly in all parts of Paris, the accounts greatly differ. And if we cannot come to a decision upon such a simple matter of fact as this, how can we expect to decide whether his popularity with the masses of the people continues to be as great as ever, or the exact reverse.

Then there are stories of other attempts at assassination, like the following from a Paris correspondent of the *Boston Post*:—

"The peace which was promised by the detection and capture of Orsini is not nigh. On Monday last, another shot, I am told, was fired at the Emperor, just as he was leaving the little garden to the right of the gateway of the Tuileries, to cross over to the parterre on the other side. The shot came from a sub-officer of one of the regiments of the line. But few persons were present; and he stood isolated from the little knot of *flaneurs* who assemble against the grating, to see the Emperor pass by. No event of the kind is, of course, ever registered in the journals—not even to state that the shot has missed, as usual, nor to mention about 'the star' and the 'mission' under which, and for which, Louis Napoleon pronounces himself invulnerable. The rumor runs, that the culprit was shot on the instant; and another report declares that the character he had assumed was a fictitious one, and that he had turned out, on examination, to belong to the Italian section of conspirators, although himself a Frenchman. The story is believed throughout Paris, in spite of the secrecy with which it has been hushed up; and has not tended to increase the security of the public mind, as you may well imagine."

Then there is another story that Mazzini had written to Louis Napoleon, denouncing vengeance upon all his race if he executed Orsini; and that the Emperor was trembling in his shoes, and the Empress Eugenie greatly alarmed for the safety of her little son, "the child of France."

It would probably be just as well to disbelieve about two-thirds of these stories. As to the Mazzini one, we should think Mazzini was more of a man than to denounce vengeance upon women and children! Orsini had staked his life upon a cast, and failed—and to threaten vengeance on Louis Napoleon for ridding himself, by due course of law, of so implacable and unscrupulous an enemy, were worse than folly.

We do not admire Louis Napoleon. We do not agree with Landor that he reigns by the most complete of titles—nor see how Landor can reconcile that statement with his own Republican views. We think that Louis Napoleon is acting unwisely in his present severely restrictive policy—and that he will lose more than he will gain by drawing too tightly the curb of such a restive steed as France. But, though we are no admirers of the French Emperor—neither are we admirers of his Blood-Red Republican enemies, who are bringing the name Republican itself into odium and disrepute. The poniard is not often the chosen weapon of great souls; but much better the poniard in the hand of a brave, self-sacrificing man, than the bomb-shell scattering destruction amid scores of innocent victims. We know not that any great and enduring success was ever achieved by either.

THE NEW LIQUOR LAW.—A bill has passed the House of Representatives of this State, by a large majority, virtually throwing open the liquor business to all persons "of good character," who comply with the provisions of the act. It is curious to contrast the excitement in favor of absolute prohibition some years ago, with the general apathy upon the whole subject now. Perhaps the bow was kept too tightly strung, and therefore lost its elasticity. The next movement in this connection will probably be one in favor of simple Temperance, as contrasted with Total Abstinence—and will strive to enlarge the sphere of the domestic wines and other domestic fermented liquors, at the expense of the fiery distilled ones. It is greatly to be desired that the adulteration both of fermented and distilled liquors, especially where poisonous drugs are used, should be put an end to. It seems to be generally admitted that a large portion of the worst evils resulting from the habitual use of strong liquors, comes from the articles used to adulterate them. Intemperate, temperate, and total abstinence men, we should think, could all agree at least to prohibit that scandalous adulteration of almost all kinds of liquors which is now so prevalent, and which leads so frequently to the most painful and inveterate diseases. Doubtless delirium tremens itself is very often more the result of strychnine and other poisonous drugs, than of the liquor which has been imbibed.

EARTH HUNGER.—There is a malady common to savages in certain parts of the world, which is termed "earth-hunger." It provokes an incessant craving for clay, a species of food which fails to satisfy the appetite, and impairs the power of digestion.

So says a London periodical relative to the constant craving for more land of the East India Company. We would suggest that the same malady is not altogether unknown in this country.

THE ENGLISH COURT COSTUME.

There is some hope that our English cousins will before long do away with their ridiculous court costume, when the *London Times* can treat the subject as follows:—

There can be no objection to the *Herald's* tabard, to the time-honored custom of the Elizabethan Beefeater, and to many other waifs and strays of antiquity that have been bequeathed to us by the older dynasties which have held sway in these realms. They add a certain degree of picturesque quaintness to our court ceremonies, and are at least harmless and inoffensive. We would not see a levee at St. James's nor a State reception at Buckingham Palace, modelled upon the newest fashion from Washington.

It must, however, be admitted that in England our practice involves a confusion of principles. Take, for instance, the dress which an English gentleman is bound to wear when he presents himself before his Sovereign. If this were an affair of trunk hose and slashed doublets, as in the days of Elizabeth, or of pointed shoes fastened up to the knee, as in still older times, at least we should have gained something. A court reception, as far as costume went, would be nearly as grand a sight as one of Mr. Charles Kean's happiest revivals at the Princess's Theatre. Besides the immediate gain by the marked distinction drawn between the actual dress of the period and the dress which was obligatory upon courtiers on parade, we should certainly add greater stateliness and dignity to the court ceremonies. This, however, is not our practice. On the other hand, we might sink all considerations which lead to the adoption of an exceptional dress upon occasions of court pageantry, and permit English gentlemen to enjoy the ease and comfort which they would derive from the use of their ordinary dress—such dress as any one of a dozen dukes would wear in his own palace. This, again, is not our practice. We neither fall back upon antiquity nor do we enjoy *the advantages of modern comfort*. We don't go back two or three centuries to find a really beautiful costume, nor are we content with the dress of an English gentleman such as is commonly worn by persons of that class in the year 1858. For many years past we have adhered to a hybrid something which is neither old nor new, and *which is pre-eminently unsightly, and ridiculous*. The court dress of our time is the court dress, or, indeed, the ordinary evening dress, of the early Georges—it is not a time-honored costume. It is, however, so remote from the ordinary form and fashion of the days in which we live, that it is an anomaly. It is so far from our customary habit, and yet it was worn so recently by all, *that it has just drifted down to the servants' hall and the carriage-board*. The masters have done with it;—the rapier apart, *it has been imposed upon our footmen*. This is true as far as form is concerned; in the bright and dazzling choice of colors the footmen have the advantage. But why should an English gentleman be compelled to wear a rapier at the court of his sovereign, when, if he were it anywhere else, *it would constitute a very sound link in the chain of evidence which would consign him to a lunatic asylum?* Nothing can be more ridiculous than the aspect of a poor unfortunate individual who is compelled to wear this ludicrous appendage twice or thrice a year, but who never wears it save on compulsion. Englishmen don't carry arms now-o'-days, save at seasons of alarm about burglaries and garotte robberies, and then they carry a revolver. Our cavalry do not wear chain armor, our Club men do not carry swords by their sides when they run in to see the evening papers; why should a plain country gentleman be forced to carry arms, even though they be but arms of ceremony, when he presents himself at court?"

Our readers know from many anecdotes, that it is very difficult for an American in London, to tell which is the footman and which the Lord; and they will not wonder at it, when they read the admission in the above that the court dress "has just drifted down to the servants' hall and the carriage board." If John Bull were not so tenacious as respects old customs, he would see in this fact alone a sufficient reason for an immediate casting off of the court dress. But give him time, give him time, and the wisdom of a change will gradually creep into his slow but sure noddle.

MURDER stalks in the midst of the community here, and outrages of every character are perpetrated daily. At night time, the streets are almost deserted, and those who go abroad go always armed with knife or revolver.

So says a letter from Washington.—and our readers will perceive, by consulting our Congressional news, that the truthfulness of this sad picture of the condition of affairs in our national capital is fully sustained by the evidence of grave Senators and Representatives. Mr. Seward terms it "a reign of terror"—while one of the members of the House says that the average of murders is three in two days! Washington seems to be disputing for precedence in crime with New York, while our own city lags not very far behind. The bill which has passed both Houses of Congress, will, we trust, inaugurate a better condition of things in Washington. Such lawlessness there is a national disgrace.

ECONOMICAL LIVING.—"Doty's Radical Reformer," published at Janesville, Wisconsin, in commenting upon a recent article in THE POST, on "Simple Living," says:

As to the question whether a couple *can* live upon $1,500 a year, we do not recognize it as a debatable question. $1,500 a year, indeed! bless our stars! we should not know how to squander that sum in less than *five* years on clothes, victuals and drink. Ourself, wife and baby will live on less than two dollars a week for eatables, the well and cistern furnish our drink without any additional preparation or expense whatever, and our clothing, fuel and all other expenses, aside from the provisions, do not exceed three dollars a week the year round. We can lay up money out of three hundred dollars a year. If we had millions to spend, we could not be induced to change our diet, except in the one particular of using fruit more plentifully. Neither would our clothing bill be very materially enlarged: but wouldn't we have an Eden-like home! Bowers, honey-suckles, groves, birds, fountains, flowers, arbors—these are the things for our money!

A STEAM LINE TO EUROPE.—Efforts are being made in this city to establish a steamship line to Europe. If such a line is established, should not the vessels be Iron Propellers—and new vessels, instead of old and probably half-worn-out ones. We have very little experience in running steamships, we grant—but, in other enterprises, half-way measures generally are certain indications of failure. The superior economy, in several important respects, of Iron Propellers, appears to be regarded as an established fact now in England. Should not Philadelphia therefore act in accordance with the dearly-bought wisdom of others, instead of buying wisdom at an expensive price herself. "A word to the *wise* is sufficient."

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 167—Adults 65, and children 102.

THE BANKS.—The Bill to prohibit the issue of bank notes of a less denomination than twenty dollars, has been defeated in the Senate of this State, by a vote of 17 nays to 15 yeas. The majority were evidently favorable to the five dollar issues. It appears very unlikely, at present, that any changes will be made in the Banking System. That it needs reform is doubtless true—but between the extreme demands of some, and the great influence of the Banks, all restrictions probably will be defeated.

New Publications.

ANDROMEDA, AND OTHER POEMS, by CHAS. KINGSLEY, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston,) is the title of a volume of verse from the hand of one of the truest and bravest of English men—the same hand that wrote "Alton Locke," "Hypatia," "Amyas Leigh" and "The Saint's Tragedy." The reader who remembers the distinctive character of Kingsley's genius may be surprised to find so little of the usual moral purpose and intense earnestness in the principal poem. "Andromeda" is simply an exquisite version of the old Greek story of the fair maiden's deliverance by Perseus from the sea monster. Yet, as Bacon tells us, "even a great man's recreations convey to the clear-sighted an honorable idea of the source from whence they spring," and even amidst the sensuous and pictural Greek beauty of Kingsley's poem, sounding out from its rich, full-rowelled Homeric music, the reader hears the deeper intonations of such strains as these:

"Dear unto me, no less than to thee, is the wedlock of heroes;
"Dear who can worthily win him a wife not unworthy; and noble,
"Pure with the pure to beget brave children, the like of their father.
"Happy who thus stands linked to the heroes who were, and who shall be;
"Girdled with holiest awe, not sparing of self; for his mother
"Watches his steps with the eyes of the gods; and his wife and his children
"Move him to plan and to do in the farm and the camp and the council,
"Thence comes weal to a nation: but woe upon woe when a people
"Mingle in love at their will, like the brutes, not heeding the future."

The poem, it will be seen, is cast in hexameters, and is a remarkable success in that most difficult verse. The movement is stately and measured, the accents in nearly all instances duly defined and preserved, and the lines full of soft, sonorous melody. Our Saxon sense of rhythm and number instinctively shrinks from the hexameter, but it must be conceded that it was a happy thought to select it in this instance as the vehicle of a purely classic subject. Of the other poems in this volume, the most noticeable are the muscular and manly "Ode to the North-east Wind," already copied into our columns; and "Saint Maura," a monologue of Christian martyrdom, surcharged with vivid dramatic power and solemn pathos. "A New Forest Ballad" has the true ring of the Percy Reliques, and the vision of nature in the poem entitled "Palinodia," glides vast and cool, in twilight beauty, through the imagination. The other poems are mostly fragments, such as run in the head to old tunes—sounds and tones—perhaps a merry rigadoon, lilting along in roguish music, or something that sings in the brain with droning sweetness—perhaps some stern, martial strain, fit for the marches of Puritans—or some simple ditty—or here a resonant sonnet, clear-clanging like blows upon a shield, and dying away in soft melody—or some high thought's trumpet-note, brave and brief—or perchance an antique ballad, sombre with peasant hate, or tender with peasant love and sorrow.

THE HISTORY OF THE REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, AS TRACED IN THE WRITINGS OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON AND OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES, by JOHN C. HAMILTON, (D. Appleton & Co., New York, T. B. Peterson, Phila.,) is now in its second volume. The first volume, as our readers may remember, met with a rather sour reception. The author claimed a number of the public papers signed by and usually attributed to Washington, as the composition of Alexander Hamilton. The critics called this "sacrilege," and denounced the author. In the preface to this volume, the author retorts with great dignity and success—showing that he only followed indisputable external and internal evidence in his statements regarding the public papers of the Commander-in-Chief. Washington himself has formally denied that he was the author of these papers—they "were *first drawn* by his Secretary and his Aides-de-Camp," he tells the President of the Congress of the Confederation. All the author has done, then, is to indicate, by various evidence, the particular secretary, and aid by whom some of them were drawn. Then comes the judgment of the venerable Timothy Pickering, one of the most honored names in our history, awarding the palm of the composition of these papers to Hamilton, together with statements to the same effect by Generals Chastellux, Schuyler, Greene, and La Fayette. In addition to this, we have the internal evidence, derived from an examination of the literary style of the papers, which is formed in accordance with the rules of rhetorical art, and is noticeable for certain amenities and graces of diction, natural to the style of an elegant belles-lettres scholar like Hamilton, and strongly contrasted with the style of Washington, whose education was that of a country gentleman, and whose composition is characterized by simplicity, dignity, directness, and perspicuity, and not by any rhetorical effects whatever. Besides, we have such evidence as may result from the consideration that Washington, being a busy man, working actively and constantly in a large field of multifarious operations, could hardly have found time to write the immense mass of matter which bears his official signature. This is, in brief, the outline of Mr. John C. Hamilton's case, which, if it did not have for its basis the first fact mentioned—Washington's own disclaimer of the authorship—would still be a strong case. The critics seem to us to have shown a silly sensitiveness in this matter—to say nothing of their plentiful lack of premises. Washington and Hamilton were the Orestes and Pylades—the David and Jonathan—of our young nationality. Together they sat in council, shaping our destinies—together they labored for the common weal. To exalt the one is not to degrade the other. To ascertain the nature and extent of Hamilton's genius and service, is to do no injustice to Washington. The author's attempt to trace the seams of the mosaic, and show which was the work of one and which of the other, is biographically proper, and not improper in any other way. Surely we shall not in any way lessen our debt of gratitude to Washington, by ascertaining definitely what we owe to Hamilton!

ADELE, by JULIA KAVANAGH (D. Appleton, New York, T. B. Peterson, Philada.,) is a pleasing novel by the well known author of "Nathalie"—that favorite of so many ladies. Miss Kavanagh's novels remind us of paintings—paintings done in soft rainbow colors, after the manner of Yankoo. "Adele" is full of these delicately-drawn, softly tinted, sad and gay poetic pictures, and its characters are marked by a similar delicacy of drawing and peach-bloom coloring. Occasionally we have a graphic sketch more like a veritable study from nature, such as Capitaine Joseph or Mrs. Osborne. But the story is not made up merely of character-painting. It has a good stirring plot, with a turbid course of true love which runs smooth at last, after swamping the schemes of a wicked step-mother, and the interesting novel ends, as so many interesting novels end, in domestic felicity and terrestrial paradise!

AN ELEMENTARY GERMAN READER, by the REV. L. W. HEYDENREICH (D. Appleton, New York, T. B. Peterson, Philada.,) is commended highly by various eminent professors of the German language in our universities, and is of undoubted value to young students.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The concluding portion of the letter of our Paris correspondent last week was unavoidably omitted. It is as follows:—]

As I came again in sight of the cottage, I suddenly remembered the illness of its mistress, and would fain have entered to learn how she was, but that I feared lest the appearance of a stranger might be unwelcome at such a time.

I was moving softly away, when two figures emerged from the cottage, and proceeded slowly down the garden to the gate, at which I now saw that a rough, shaggy pony was standing. One of the two I at once recognized as my friend the Curé; the other, from a certain professional air, due in part to his seedy black coat, I concluded to be the Doctor. Nor was I mistaken. They walked slowly down the garden, seemingly in earnest conversation; and as I approached them I was struck with the ominous seriousness expressed in their faces.

Quickening my pace, I reached the gate just as they passed through it; the venerable priest saluting me with his habitual kindness.

"I fear, Monsieur le Curé," I remarked, as I returned his salutation, "that the news from the cottage is not altogether satisfactory.

"Very far from it," returned the Curé, with a sorrowful shake of the head; "our good friend here, Dr. Doisneau," he added, turning to his companion—a short, energetic-looking person, with a shrewd but not unpleasing countenance, who favored me with a very polite bow, "considers Madame Lirieux's case as being an exceedingly serious one."

"So much so," remarked the doctor, "that should there be no improvement in the course of the evening, I shall send an express to a medical brother in a neighboring village, and get him here without delay, that we may decide together on the course to be pursued. I shall see poor Marie again in the course of the evening, *Monsieur le Curé*, and will call in at the presbytery on my way back, to let you know how I find her," added the doctor, as he mounted his nag, and lifting his hat to us, proceeded down the hill at a rapid trot that soon took him out of our sight.

"This illness, which would have been a great sorrow to us at any time," remarked M. Le Pellier, as we slowly made our way down the hill, is particularly unfortunate just now; for, as I dare say, la mère Gaudet has already told you, good old Simon and his wife will complete their sixtieth year of married life in the course of a few days, and the event was to have been kept as a festival by the whole village."

"The Lirieux seem to be much beloved by their neighbors," I remarked. "la mère Gaudet is in great distress at the wife's illness."

"Should this illness terminate as, I fear, from the doctor's forebodings, it is but too probable that it may do, the event would be a home-sorrow to every inhabitant of the valley," rejoined the Curé. "As for its effect on the Lirieux themselves, I confess I hardly dare to think of it; for her husband doats on her to that degree that I almost doubt whether even his affection for his children would suffice to hold him to life if he lost her; and with regard to the old parents, who are just as fond of her in their own way, and who lean upon her with most affectionate dependence, it is hardly to be hoped that, at their age—for Simon, though still hale and brisk, is over ninety, and Thiennette, though a year or two younger, has become very infirm and helpless of late—they would be able to bear up under such a blow. But we must leave the issue of this illness in the hands of Him whose wisdom is not as ours, assured that all things are by him ordained for the best."

As the venerable ecclesiastic pronounced these words with an unconscious intonation of sorrow and anxiety that contrasted forcibly with the reverent submission they expressed, we found ourselves at the foot of the mountain, and having re-crossed the rude bridge, which was now lying in the deep shadow of the hills, we took our leave of each other, the kind-hearted old Curé proceeding, with slow, and somewhat heavy step towards the presbytery, while I made my way up the side of the valley to la mère Gaudet's cottage.

On entering the cottage, my worthy hostess—who was busy preparing my dinner—received me with a subdued and melancholy welcome very different from her former smiles and alacrity. But la mère Gaudet was not a woman to nurse a sorrow in silence, and she had no sooner set before me the piece of dried goat's flesh stewed with garlic, which formed the staple of my rustic repast, and which, in spite of her regretful mood, she evidently regarded as a triumphant proof of her abilities and her good fortune in the Commissariat line, than her disquietude found vent in words.

"She had been to the Lirieux's cottage to offer any services in her power, but had found half the women of the valley assembled there from the same motive, and the Doctor and the Curé had begged them all to go home, quiet being essential to the sick woman, and their aid not being wanted, seeing that a cousin of Jean's had come from the next valley to look after the house and the children, assisted by a good peasant-girl who had lived for several years at the cottage. Marie's baby was now the least of the Lirieux's troubles, since it had taken so kindly to Ma'amzelle Jeannette; but what would become of Jean and the old folks if Marie were taken? To be sure, old Simon was bearing up wonderfully, for the sake of the others, though sore enough at heart; but poor old Thiennette just sat still in her chair like one dazed, and Jean had not stirred from his wife's bedside since she was taken ill, and would hardly let the nurse touch her, but insisted on doing everything for her himself. And what a cloud it would be over the whole valley, if Marie Lirieux was called away, as they all believed she would be!"

Such was the burden of Mother Gaudet's lamentations, which grew deeper and deeper daily, as the poor peasant woman grew constantly worse. For a high fever had followed the chill caught in the dairy, and after three days and nights of raving delirium, the patient had sunk into a lethargy that the doctor regarded as being but too probably the precursor of dissolution.

I had been down every day to [illegible] gray old presbytery, for the sake of having authentic news of the sick woman. It was a rude dwelling, standing beside the old church, with a row of tall poplars before the door; and so simple and primitive were its interior arrangements, that, but for its store of books ranged on shelves filling three sides of the apartment, and a tolerably fair copy of a "Descent from the Cross," by Mabuse, above the fireplace, the good Curé's sitting room could hardly have boasted any great superiority over its neighbors. A staid old housekeeper, who had been in M. Le Pellier's service for above forty years, appeared to have the entire management of his domestic arrangements, and regarded her benevolent master with an affectionate reverence, bordering on adoration.

The good old man would answer my inquiries with a sorrowful shake of the head, looking less and less hopeful every day.

The conclusion of my narrative is reserved for my next letter. QUANTUM.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE usual spring freshets have swollen to an unusual degree, the Mississippi and Arkansas rivers completely overflowing many valuable cotton plantations, and submerging the town of Napoleon.

STRIKE AT THE CAMBRIA IRON WORKS.—Considerable difficulty now exists between the Cambria Iron Company and their employees. The miners and puddlers have refused to continue work, unless the reduction of twenty per cent., imposed by the Company last fall, be countermanded, and the payment of cash be again adopted. The Company refuse to accede to the demands of their employees.—*Johnstown Echo.*

RUSSIA AND FRANCE.—The *Kladderdatsch*, or Berlin *Punch*, has a picture in which the French Emperor is represented sullenly sitting in the midst of gloomy darkness. Night, it is obvious, has fallen upon France. Advancing toward Napoleon III. is Alexander II., the Russian Emperor. He bears in his hand a knout, and offers it to the ruler of France. "Take it," says he, "I have no further need of it; but perhaps it will be useful to you."

THE Grand Jury have indicted Mr. Thomas Allibone and Mr. Thomas A. Newhall, on the charge of a conspiracy to defraud the stockholders of the Bank of Pennsylvania. Mr. Charles McKeon entered bail for the former, and Mr. John Welsh for the latter. The suit is prosecuted by foreign holders of a bill of exchange bought of Newhall by Allibone, and which proved worthless.

THE UTAH WAR.—The House has agreed to the Senate amendment, reducing the volunteer force from five to three regiments. So that question may at last be considered at rest. Gen. Persifer Smith will immediately start to assume the command of the movement against Utah. It is proposed to reinforce Johnson's present command about six thousand, including two regiments of volunteers, just ordered. Ten regiments have already been offered to the War Department, from as many States, and the selection must be determined with reference to efficiency, and the peculiar service, as well as the date of application.

THE COMING SUMMER.—It is said that the Earl of Rosse, one of the first astronomers in Europe, has told a gentleman in England that he anticipates one of the most intensely hot summers this year that has ever been known, and he advises farmers to build sheds for their cattle, by way of protection against the extreme heat.

A WELL known dry goods firm gives out today that they will organize a daily prayer meeting in their store on Monday. Business men and the trade generally are invited to attend. This looks like an attempt to convert the revival movement into a regular advertising dodge: but nevertheless it must be, and I trust it is all right.—*N. Y. Correspondent.*

THE TEMPERATURE FOR MARCH.—The mean temperature for March, as ascertained by the thermometer at the Hospital, was 39¼ degrees, which is 1¼ degrees below the average of the preceding thirty-two years, but ¾ of a degree warmer than March, 1857. The amount of rain was only 1·08 inch, unusually dry for March.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

ACCORDING to the European journals, the grippe, or influenza, has been very fatal in Italy, Germany and France.

NEWSPAPERS A WIDOW'S RIGHT.—A Vermont Judge of Probate has incorporated it as a part of the law of his court, that the administrator of an estate must allow the widow the cost of a newspaper, she making her own selection, from the common fund. The common law of America now recognizes the newspaper as a family and individual necessity. It is classed with pigs and potatoes, cassimere and calico, a thing to be exempted—like the family Bible—never to suffer from rapacious creditors, never to be parted with in the direst poverty.

THE FLOOD IN THE MISSISSIPPI.—NEW ORLEANS, April 10.—The rise in the Mississippi river is very heavy, and in some places higher than has ever been known before. The towns of Napoleon and Prentiss are both inundated and the whole country on both sides of the river from Napoleon to Lake Providence is submerged, and immense damage done to the plantations. Fears are entertained here of a crevasse in the levees, but precautions have been taken to prevent it if possible. The river is still rising.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

WARLIKE PREPARATIONS BY RUSSIA—PROPOSED ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE SPANISH COLONIES, &c., &c.

The Cunard steamship America brings three days' later news.

A new India bill is to be introduced in the British Parliament by Mr. Disraeli, the main features of which are similar to that proposed by Lord Malmesbury, though the details are different. The House gave Mr. Disraeli leave to bring in the bill, the provisions of which he explained.

In the House of Lords, on the 25th, Lord Malmesbury, in referring to the case of the British engineers imprisoned at Naples, said that Mr. Watt had arrived in England, and Mr. Parks had been liberated on bail.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Griffith asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer, if it was the opinion of the law officers of the crown, that the capture of the Cagliari was illegal, and whether it was intended to demand full and ample compensation to the engineers. Mr. Disraeli declined answering the question.

Mr. Roebuck brought forward in the House a motion for the abolition of the Vice Royalty of Ireland. After some debate a motion for the previous question was negatived by 127 majority.

In the House of Lords, the sanitary condition of the army was debated. The ministry promised the adoption of the necessary improvements.

In the House of Commons, it was announced that the Government had no materials to justify the prosecution of the Directors of the Western Bank of Scotland.

A medal is to be granted to all the troops in India, and a clasp for those that served at Delhi and Lucknow.

The appointment of General Pelissier as French Ambassador at London is highly satisfactory. The Paris correspondent of the London Times says that Pelissier is a warm friend of the English alliance.

It appears from the log of the U. S. steam frigate Niagara that on several occasions she made over three hundred miles in twenty-four hours. The passage would have been quicker but for the quality of coal.

It is reported that Alleop has offered to surrender himself for trial, provided the government will be at the cost of his defence.

The returns of the Board of Trade show a falling off of the exports of February exceeding £2,000,000 sterling, compared with the same month of the last year.

A telegraphic despatch, received from Madrid, states that the government has introduced the project of a law abolishing slavery in the Spanish territories.

The fortifications at Malta are to be augmented immediately.

Several changes have been made in the English diplomatic service. Mr. Crampton goes to Russia. Mr. Buchanan, Minister to Copenhagen, succeeds Lord Howden at Madrid. Mr. Elliott, Secretary of Legation at Vienna, succeeds Mr. Buchanan. Mr. Howard, Secretary of Legation at Paris, succeeds Lord Normandy as Minister at Florence, and Lord Chelsea succeeds Mr. Howard at Paris.

The supply of money in the market is very abundant. There was no increase in applications to the bank on Friday, but a better demand prevailed in open market, and bills were freely discounted out of doors at 2¼a2½ per cent. The terms for long dated paper had, however, advanced to four, and even in some cases to six per centum. It was the general belief that the Bank rate will be reduced on Thursday next. April 1st, to 2½ per cent.

INDIA.—Gen Colin Campbell, with fifteen regiments of European infantry, three regiments of European cavalry, with three regiments and detachments of two other regiments of native cavalry, and eighty heavy guns and mortars, and sixty-three field pieces, had crossed the Ganges. The attack of Lucknow was expected to commence February 27th, when Jung Bahador and Gen. Frank's forces, twelve thousand strong, would reach Lucknow to aid in the attack.

RUSSIA.—A camp of 100,000 men is to be formed in Poland in the month of May. This step is considered as a manifestation against Austria.

TURKEY.—A force of 800 Montenegrins had violated the Austrian territory, and penetrated into Herzegovina. Forty had entered Soterna, and burned and destroyed all before them.

Turkey refuses to submit to the treaty for the navigation of the Danube.

Several irregular corps are being organized in Bosnia by the wealthy Beys.

FRANCE.—The Paris Constitutionnel has an article, in large type, on the English alliance, which expresses the most friendly sentiments.

The Bourse was quite animated on the 25th ult., and a decided rise occurred.

A line of rail is about to be constructed to traverse the west coast of France. It is clearly a strategic more than a commercial project.

Petitions for the reduction of the duty on sugar and coffee are pouring in.

The Minister of the Interior has ordered all the artillery in the towns of France to be dismounted and deposited in the arsenals. The plea for this movement is that the pieces are in a condition that renders their use dangerous, and that they will be replaced by others in a better condition. The impression prevailed that the guns are removed for fear that they should fall into the hands of the people in case of a rising against the government.

SPAIN.—Some slight disturbances had occurred at Valencia, but were quieted at the latest dates.

The government had presented to the Cortes a project for the abolition of slavery in the Spanish colonies.

ITALY.—Count Cavour had despatched a very energetic note to Naples in relation to the refusal of that government to surrender the Cagliari prisoners.

RUSSIA.—There is great agitation in Russia in consequence of the opposition of the nobles to the proposed emancipation of the serfs. Many of the great families have fled to St. Petersburg for fear of their lives.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, March 26.—The sales of Cotton during the week have been 65,000 bales, including 4500 to speculators and 9500 to exporters. The market opened buoyant, at an advance of ⅛; but the American advices received by the Anglo-Saxon caused a decline of ⅛ in Middling or lower qualities. The closing quotations are ⅛d lower for inferior grades than the rates quoted at the sailing of the Persia.

The Manchester advices are unfavorable, there being but little inquiry for goods, and prices are weak.

LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFFS MARKET.—The market was generally dull. James McHenry and others, note the Provision market as generally quiet. Beef was dull, and the quotations barely maintained. Pork held steady at 70s.

Bacon was quiet at 6d a 1s decline, but there was rather more doing at the close. Lard at 47s 6d. Tallow unchanged.

LIVERPOOL PRODUCE MARKET.—The Brokers' Circular quotes Ashes quiet at 33s 9d a 36s for Pots, and 35s 9d a 37s for Pearls; Sugar quiet but steady; Coffee dull; Rice quiet, and East India slightly lower; Carolina quoted at 23s 9d a 24s; Rosin steady; sales of 4500 bbls at 4s for common, and 5s a 12 for medium; Quercitron Bark, Baltimore quoting at 7s 6d a 8s; Seal and Cod Oils were in better request, but unchanged in price; Sperm Oil scarce; Linseed Oil quiet at 24s 6d a 30s; Spirits of Turpentine dull at 41s 6d a 42s.

Baring Brothers report the market for American securities generally inactive.

A PIANO maker in Paris, furnishes to every piano which he sells at retail, two quarters tuition by a competent instructor, upon the instrument, gratis. A good advertising dodge and more respectable than our cis-atlantic gift enterprises.

☞ One misanthropical remark of Goethe was quite unworthy of his genial and penetrative mind. He said that each of us—the best as well as the worst—hides within him something, some feeling, some remembrance, which, if it were known, would make you hate him. More consonant would it have been to truth, as well as to an enlightened spirit of humanity, had he reversed the proposition, and said with Shakspeare—

"There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out."

☞ Every hour of time lost is a chance of misfortune for the future.—*Napoleon.*

☞ Calumny may be defined, a mixture of truth and falsehood blended with malice.

☞ Fondness for fame is avarice of air.—*Dr. Young.*

☞ On one of the state trials, the judge shook his head while Curran was speaking. He could not restrain his wit to the jury:—"Believe me, gentlemen, if you remain here many days, you will yourselves perceive that when his Lordship *shakes his head, there's nothing in it.*"

☞ Many persons fancy themselves friendly when they are only officious. They counsel not so much that you should become wise, as that they should be recognized as teachers of wisdom.

☞ The biographer of Lord Bacon says:—"In the ninth century, throughout the whole kingdom of the West Saxons, no man could be found who was scholar enough to instruct the young King Alfred, then a child, even in the first elements of reading, so that he was in his twelfth year before he could name the letters of the alphabet."

☞ A Dutchman undertook to tell about a fine new barn his brother had just finished over on the "White Ground," and this is the way he did it:—"Beter has a great large parn pilt ofer on te White Crount—'tis not pilt yet, but den te posts pe tere, unt te shinkles pe tere; he's sold 'em agin, but den he can puy more."

☞ The habit of using ardent spirits by men in public office has occasioned more injury to the public service, and more trouble to me, than any other circumstance which has occurred in the internal concerns of the country during my administration; and were I to commence my administration, with the knowledge I have acquired from experience, the first question I would ask in regard to every candidate for public office, would be, is he addicted to the use of ardent spirits.—*Thomas Jefferson.*

☞ The world is the book of women; whatever knowledge they possess is more commonly acquired by observation than by reading.—*Rousseau.*

☞ A SCOTCH CANNIBAL.—A lady advertises in the Glasgow Herald, that she wants a gentleman for "breakfast and tea."

☞ Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.—*Holmes.*

☞ Frivolous curiosity about trifles, and laborious attention to little objects, which neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, lower a man, who from thence is thought (and not unjustly) incapable of greater matters.—Cardinal de Retz very sagaciously marked out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind, from the moment he told him he had wrote three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still.—*Lord Chesterfield.*

☞ One of the occupants of a huge public bed-room in an American hotel shook the room with his snoring. Another went up to his bedside and shook him. "Are you aware, sir, that you are talking in your sleep, and betraying all the secrets of the Central Alligator Bank? We have already ascertained that you are the chairman, and that—." An ominous whisper closed the sentence, and the chairman of the Central Alligator slept no more.

☞ Actions, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which you spell characters.—*Lavater.*

☞ An old member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, who maintained his seat and popularity for a number of years, always voted "no" when a vote was recorded—"for," said he, when asked his reason, "when a good law passes no one looks for the yeas and nays on it—when a bad one does, they always do!"

☞ Dr. Johnson has left it on record, that as he was passing by a fishmonger who was skinning an eel alive, he heard him curse it because it would not lie still!

☞ Apropos of barometers, one of the best *bon-mots* ever uttered was that of the late Earl of Leicester, who, when a lubberly farmer entered his dining-room, and accidentally smashed the barometer, exclaimed—"Well, gentlemen, I never saw the mercury so low before in any weather."—*Notes and Queries.*

☞ TICKLER.—"I should like to be at a bear-hunt."

SHEPHERD.—"It's a shame to kill a bear, except, indeed, for his creesh and skin. He's an affectionate creature among his kith and kin—in the bosom o' his ain family, sagacious and playsome—no use much in his mind as in his manners—a good husband, a good son, and a good father."—*Noctes Ambrosianæ.*

SOME shrewd swindlers, assuming the name of Oliphant, Bartlett & Co., and claiming to be extensive manufacturers of West India coffee, have been for the past month doing a heavy business in New York, in swindling country merchants. They commenced with sending 15,000 circulars to the leading merchants in every city and county in the Union, constituting them agents for the sale of their coffee. As the fruit of their enterprise, they have lately been in the receipt of letters remitting over $1,000 daily. A man named George Bradley, alleged to be at the bottom of the swindle, has fled from New York, to escape arrest. Mr. Phillips, his clerk, was arrested in that city on Friday, the only one, thus far, captured.

COL. BENTON, it is said, is dying. His disease is cancer of the bowels. Notwithstanding his physical prostration, he is hard at work closing up his Abridgment of the Debates of Congress, which he has brought down to 1850, to the passage of the Compromise measures. He is upon the closing chapter of the work, and his daughter, Mrs. Jones, receives the words whispered to her, and repeats to her husband, who writes it down. It afterward receives Col. Benton's correction.

CANTON does not prove to be much of a place, now that the Allies have got into it. The Chinese greatly over estimated its wealth and commercial importance. The London Times correspondent says it is large and populous, but in other respects is to be set down as a very ordinary Chinese city. The nine-storied pagoda is in a ruinous condition, and has been shut up for years.

TRADE OF PHILADELPHIA.—The advantage which Philadelphia possesses as a distributing market for the West, is not fully appreciated, even by her own citizens. It is so much the practice for other cities to boast, that our people have come almost to believe them. Yet New York itself does not excel Philadelphia in any important particular in this respect, while in many she is inferior.

In the first place, the location of this city, as compared with the chief towns of the great West, is superior to that of any other on the Atlantic seaboard. Before the days of canals, its geographical position gave it almost the monopoly of the trade of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. The gigantic and far-seeing enterprise of De Witt Clinton placed New York in the situation which Philadelphia occupied, and combined with the disastrous effects of the embargo act, reduced our city to the second rank in the confederacy. But now that railroads have supplanted canals, Philadelphia has a fair chance of recovering her lost ground. The communications between this city and Cincinnati, between this city and St. Louis, between this city and Chicago are shorter, easier and cheaper than between the same western cities and New York. This fact is indisputable.

In the next place, most descriptions of goods can be bought here, at four, five, to seven per cent. cheaper than in New York. The reasons for this are plain. The general style of living in Philadelphia, among all classes, merchants included is less extravagant than in the sister city; and what are called store expenses are also lighter. A western merchant, who purchases in New York, has to pay, not only for his goods, but for the luxurious suppers, the fast horses, the palatial store on Broadway, the mansion on the Fifth Avenue, the trip to Newport, and the other follies of the New York jobber. Every person, familiar with the commercial classes of the two cities, is struck with a remarkable difference between them, growing out of the difference in the social habits of the two cities. Stimulated by that passion for display, which is at the root of a New Yorker's extravagance, the New York merchant is so eager to make money that he sacrifices the future for the present. His principle is to "fleece" to the utmost. The principle of the Philadelphia merchant, on the contrary, is to "live and let live." A fair profit is all the latter asks, and as his wants are smaller, a smaller profit contents him.

Finally, it is only the systematic puffing in which everybody indulges in New York, that maintains the latter in its position. Our sister city acts on the theory that the world is made up of gulls, and that he is the best man, that that is the smartest city, which gulls others the most. In jugging a steamship contract through Congress, down to juggling a country merchant, it is pre-eminent, and chuckles over both as signal proof of what it calls "metropolitan" sagacity. It is not to be denied that Philadelphia errs too much on the other side.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

AN INDIAN WEDDING.—The Nebraska City News, of the 3d inst., contains a long account of a marriage of a Pawnee Chief to a blood royal squaw of the Otoe tribe. The bridegroom was named Whitewater, and the bride Wah-mush-pe-shinga. We extract the following:

"The chieftain's daughter was elegantly dressed in a red flannel shirt, with deep blue calico border, a checked apron, a summer killed buffalo robe, and a white felt hat. Her jewels were magnificent. From either auricular depended bright ornaments of brass, tin and copper.

"We must not omit to mention that Miss Wah-mush-pe-shinga also wore a 'red petticoat,' embroidered according to a design of her own, with porcupine quills, representing a desperate dog fight. Her entire wardrobe and jewelry could not have cost less than six thousand dollars Fontenelle money. The bridegroom was attired in all the magnificence which his rank and wealth demanded. He wore a standing shirt collar, a medal of President Pierce, a blue straight-collared soldier coat, with brass buttons, and an elegant pair of Spanish spurs, while his stalwart loins were admirably clothed in an ancient coffee sack. Altogether, the appearance of both the bride and groom was appropriate to their high sphere in life.

"The most sumptuous feast awaited the guests at the residence of the bride's father. It was spread in a camp kettle and suspended over the fire that burned in the centre of that princely lodge. It consisted of young dog meat, very tender, blue corn and old dog meat, beaver-tails and mule steak, fresh fish and sugar, making altogether one of the most palatable and nourishing compounds that ever graced a royal camp kettle. The horn spoons of occidental luxury seldom conveyed to the educated palate viands more tempting and delicious. As for drinks, corn whiskey, made of red pepper, tobacco plugs and rain water, together with molasses-sweetened coffee, made up the list.

"Among the distinguished persons present, we did not fail to notice the six Mesdames Petansharo, the wives of that eminent "Injin" who is now at Washington visiting James Buchanan on official business. Also, Mr. Whitecow, of the Omaha principality, Mr. Big Soldier, Esquire Wildcat, and the Hon. Short-tailed Elk."

IMPORTANT FROM KANSAS—ADJOURNMENT OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.—St. Louis, April 8.—The Leavenworth correspondent of the Republican states that the Kansas Constitutional Convention adjourned on the night of the 3rd inst. Negroes will be allowed to vote on the constitution, and on the first general election thereafter, a vote will be had on the question of universal suffrage. Foreigners having declared their intentions will also be allowed to vote. The question of negro suffrage caused a great deal of excitement in the convention, and angry discussions were participated in. Several counties signed the constitution framed under protest.

ST. LOUIS, April 9.—The Leavenworth correspondence of the "Democrat" says that the policy recommended in the address to the public, framed by the Convention committee, is that they give the Leavenworth Constitution a hearty ratification, and refuse to accept any organic law derived from the Lecompton Constitution or government.

The address does not recognize the possibility of the Lecompton Constitution becoming the fundamental law, even though Congress receive it, as it is without the sanction of the people, and will be null and void.

It was distinctly understood that the Convention would not tolerate the policy of any Free State men, qualifying under the Lecompton Bill of Rights, and it was declared that the right of all men to the control of their own persons was prior to law, and inalienable.

KILLING A SLAVE.—A case of interest has just transpired in Vicksburg, Miss. A man named Davenport, charged with killing a slave, was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to seven years' hard labor in the penitentiary. The Vicksburg Whig says:

"This was a case of some importance to the slaveholders. The accused was an overseer, and pleaded in his defence that the slave was resisting his authority when he gave the blow causing death. We learn his Honor Judge Yerger, at the instance of the State, charged the jury to the effect that the slave, when his life was threatened or endangered by the infliction of cruel and unusual punishment, had the right to resist even the master, and that his resistance under such circumstances would be no justification to the accused for killing him."

A MAN named Lee, charged with abducting slaves, has been convicted at Norfolk, Va., on four indictments, and sentenced to receive fifty stripes, publicly laid on, at the rate of five a day, and to be confined in the penitentiary for twenty-five years.

MRS. GWIN'S FANCY DRESS BALL.—A Washington correspondent of the Evening Bulletin says:—

Mrs. Gwin's fancy dress ball created a sensation such as has rarely, if ever, been equalled by any similar event in this metropolis. Four hundred costumes were present in the magnificent suite of rooms of the Senator from the Golden State. The company assembled at ten o'clock, and from that hour till the morning was far advanced, a dazzling wave of company ebbed and flowed throughout the apartments. Dancing would have been perpetrated if the floor had ever been clear enough for such a display. As it was, the crowd kept scintillating and circulating, presenting a gorgeous appearance that must have ravished the heart of Jenkins, had he been present. I know that the genuine Jenkins was present, and doubtless a shoal of followers of that illustrious leader of the press banditti.

At this early hour of the morning, it is impossible to do more than enumerate a very few of the costumes.

Mrs. Gwin personated a queen with right royal effect. Miss Gwin was in the bewitching guise of a lady of the Court of Louis Quatorze. Senator Gwin was in citizen dress, as were Messrs. Seward, Douglas, Hammond, Hunter, (Va.) and others.

If Miss Lane was there, your correspondent thinks a fair quakeress, who thee'd and thou'd with inimitable grace was that fair lady.

Mrs. Douglas represented America, in a robe glittering with a constellation of silver stars, and looked magnificently.

Mrs. Appleton, as Rose Standish, was one of the most attractive figures in the scene. Mrs. Senator Foster eclipsed Miss Cushman in her personation of Meg Merrilies. Mrs. Maynard, as an impersonation of the Goddess of Liberty, tended to diffuse a stronger attachment than ever to the principles of the Constitution.

Gen. Harney went back to the costume of a General of the English Commonwealth. Cromwell and he were companions-in-arms.

Senator Pugh, of Ohio, was a cavalier.

Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, was peculiarly sentimental as Claude Melnotte, in raiment of black silk velvet; but he materially marred the effect by being overpersuaded not to appear in standing collars, as he had originally intended.

Mr. Barlingame, of Massachusetts, appeared as Iago—a cast very much at variance with his own frank and honorable character. The Iago of his fancy was an individual in black velvet jacket, slashed trunks, hat and feather, and with a long tickle-toby by his side.

One of the best, if not the very best impersonation, was that of Major Ben Perley Poore, of apple-wheeling fame. In the early part of the evening he appeared as Charles the Second, and sustained the character of "the merry monarch" to the life—even to the favorite expletive of "odd's fish!" Later in the night he re-appeared as Major Jack Downing, in the astounding uniform of the Downing Guards. In the latter character he made a decided sensation by the accuracy of his down-east patois, and the sharpness of his repartee.

James Buchanan Henry, private Secretary of the President, appeared in a civilian suit.

The press was but slenderly represented.—Without doubt the tight times prevented many of our respected contemporaries from arraying themselves in tights. The purveyor of the New York Herald came in his natural character of a Scotch "reiver."

There were six Hamlets, and some of them seemed quite jolly under their recent bereavement.

Falstaff was embodied by Captain Nelson.—Some one else did Mercutio.

Of old English characters we had: Earl of Surry, Duke of Gloster, Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Rochester.

Operatic characters were multitudinous.—The Child of the Regiment, Fra Diavalo, Edgar Ravenswood, Julius St. Pierre, besides an unlimited number of Spanish grandees and infidels. The affair was a pleasant one to all who participated.

AN ELOPEMENT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.—The papers some weeks since chronicled the circumstances of the elopement of a man named May with the wife of his neighbor, Mr. McKee, near Weston, Mo.; the subsequent divorce of all the parties: the suit in court brought by Mr. McKee against May, and the recovery of $20,000 damages, all that he was worth, which the plaintiff immediately made over to the wife of the reducer of his own, for the support of herself and children. The Jeffersonian, of Weston, gives the finale of the matter as follows:

On Saturday last, May returned to this county with a view of running off with his negroes, it was thought; and when his presence was known, the people assembled in large numbers, and passed a resolution that May should be notified to leave the neighborhood in thirty minutes after he received the notice.

The neighbors then started out to scour the neighborhood and find May. Mr. F. M. Bell, with a man by the name of Barnes, finally struck his trail, about two miles from May's house, and chased him from ten o'clock in the evening until three o'clock in the morning. After a search of four hours the most of the company gave up the hunt, but Bell and Barnes stuck to their work. Finally, these two energetic men came in sight of May, who was well mounted on a fine active young horse; but so were his pursuers, who gave chase, under whip and spur, over a hard road, and after a mile or two of good running, the pursuers, finding the bottom and speed of their horses about equal, and demonstrating that they could not get any nearer the well mounted May, hailed him three times to stop and surrender, which he refused to do.

Bell and Barnes then opened a fire on May with Colt's revolvers, firing above him, which May returned gallantly. Finding that he showed fight, Bell and Barnes lowered their shots, and two balls having passed through May's hat, he bawled out at the top of his voice that he would surrender, which he did. His horse was soon taken possession of by the Marshal, who will sell it under the execution which had been levied upon his fine estate and personal property in favor of McKee.

An outraged community gave the destroyer of domestic happiness his life, turned him loose upon the cold world, packing off his saddle as the last vestige of a fine fortune, that has now passed from his possession forever.

FURTHER FROM UTAH—GEN. JOHNSON WARNED TO RETREAT—THREATS OF ANNIHILATION.—ST. LOUIS, April 9.—The St. Louis Gazette notices the arrival at that place of Alexander Constant, from Fort Kearney, which he left on the 30th ult. He reports that Brigham Young had notified Gen. Johnson to leave the territory by the 10th of March, threatening that the army would otherwise be annihilated. Young tendered the army sufficient provisions to last them until they reached the States. Constant met a supply train of 160 wagons, accompanied by four companies of troops, on the 1st inst., on the Little Blue. The Indians continued peaceable.

THE MILLERITES MOVING.—The Newark (N. J.) Advertiser says some of the leading Second Adventists, in that city, have again set a period for the destruction of the world—professing to have discovered the errors of their previous calculations, and to have finally ascertained the exact truth. They regard the recent financial depression, and the prevailing religious excitement, as signs of the last days. By the next arrival from Europe, they expect to hear of the destruction of the city of Rome, and this will portend the conflagration of the world next summer.

A coroner's jury in Union District, S. C., recently gave a verdict that a white infant, found floating in Tiger river, "came to its death *by being killed*, and then thrown into the river."

NEWS ITEMS.

AN effort is being made to introduce shad into the rivers of Alabama.

IT is now positively asserted that Orsini did write a second letter to the Emperor Napoleon, and that he expressed contrition for his crime; but so far from suing for mercy, he stated in it that he asked neither commutation nor pardon.

GEN. MONAGAS, the President of Venezuela, has been forced to succumb to the revolutionary movement, and resign his position. A provisional government has been established, with Gen. Castro at the head.

ANNIVERSARY AT MARIETTA.—*Marietta, April 7.*—The seventeenth anniversary of the settlement of Ohio was celebrated here to-day, and the Hon. Thomas Ewing delivered the address. He is the only survivor of the party of forty-seven persons who arrived here in 1787. There were also present several who were born in the first block houses built in Marietta and Belfre; also three of the oldest living white natives of Ohio, and a large number of the descendants of revolutionary soldiers. Speeches were made by Gen. Goddard and others.

THE COMMISSIONERS TO UTAH.—*Washington, April 7.*—Enough is known to warrant the assertion that Governor Powell and Major McCullough, the Peace Commissioners to Utah, will be instructed to assure the Mormons that it is not the desire of the President and the United States authorities to make war upon them, but to secure the enforcement of the laws, to which end they will be counselled to participate. The Commissioners will also inform them that some troops will be retained in the Territory, to protect emigrants to the Pacific from the attacks of hostile Indians. The Commissioners will go with the next reinforcements despatched to Utah.

CHARLES WATSON, a Scotch school teacher, finding his health injured by the confined air of the school room, has invented an original mode of ventilation. It is entirely simple, and is based on the fact that if two tubes of unequal length be admitted into a room, the cool air will enter the shortest, and the warm air be expelled through the longest. Mr. Watson's application avoids the unpleasant and dangerous draughts created by most modes of ventilation.

NEW SOURCE OF POISON.—It is suggested that stale sausages may have caused the National Hotel malady, as Prof. Liebig says they produce the same symptoms with mineral poisons, and often occasion sickness and death, for which there appears to be no known cause.—The symptoms of sausage poisoning, according to the Professor, are "a gradual wasting of muscular fibre, and of all the constituents of the body similarly composed. The patient becomes much emaciated, and during the progress of the disease, the saliva becomes viscous, and acquires an offensive smell," &c.

COAL DISCOVERED NEAR VINCENNES.—The Vincennes Sun, of a recent date, reports the discovery of a strata of stonecoal, five or six feet thick, on the line of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, twelve miles this side of Vincennes, or about 160 miles west of Cincinnati. The Sun says that competent gentlemen pronounce the coal equal to Pittsburg diamonds.

THE impression seems to have taken hold of our people that the camel is incapable of withstanding the cold of our winter weather. There is no greater error than this. Wherever man can live, there can the camel live also. Nature has been bountiful to him beyond almost any other animal, in clothing him with a heavy coat of warm hair, through which an Arctic blast cannot penetrate.

JOHN A. WASHINGTON, finding that neither the United States nor the State of Virginia are disposed to give him $200,000 for the Mount Vernon estate, has written a letter to the "Ladies M. V. Association," offering to let them have it for that sum, provided they table the money "within a reasonably limited period of time." Such disinterestedness is praiseworthy.—*Exchange Paper.*

ROBERT STINSON, of Big Beaver township, Beaver county, Pa., has on his farm a cow that is 32 years old, and has produced 28 calves.—She is at the present time in fine health, fat, and well-favored.

PERISHABLE MATERIALS.—The London Times says that the average duration of a ship of war, built of British oak, in a seaworthy state, is only thirteen years of active service. It takes seventy acres of ground and eighty years to produce the timber. Iron is now rapidly taking the place of wood in the construction of vessels.

THE Star, a journal of Los Angelos, California, states that Col. Thomas L. Kane, of Philadelphia, lately passed through San Bernardino, on his way from Washington to Salt Lake City. While at San Bernardino, he offered the sum of $1,500 to any one who would carry him to the city in a fortnight. The star supposes, from the former connection of Col. Kane with the Mormons, that he carried instructions for Brigham Young from Mr. Bernhisel; but it appears that some persons at San Bernardino, who arrested him and examined his papers, on the suspicion that he might be a Mormon emissary, were satisfied that their impressions were unfounded, and that he was really an agent of President Buchanan.

THE NEW PETTICOAT.—The Belvidere Woollen Company, at Lowell, is now engaged in the manufacture of flannel for the new Balmoral or scarlet petticoat.

THE following laconic prayer was delivered in the Iowa House of Representatives recently, by the Rev. Mr. Shinn:

"Great God! Bless the young and growing State of Iowa, her Senators and Representatives, her Governor and State officers! Give us a sound currency, pure water, and undefiled religion, for Christ's sake, Amen."

REMARKABLE HEIGHT AND OBESITY.—Mr. Darden was born in North Carolina, in 1798, and died in 1857. He was seven feet six inches high, and at his death weighed a fraction over 1,000 pounds. To 1853 he was quite active, and labored; after when, his fat increasing, he was hauled about in a two-horse wagon. It required 13½ yards of flax cloth, a yard wide, to make him a coat; and 16 yards of cambric were required for his shroud, and 24 yards of velvet for his pall.

HEALTH.—Dr. Robert Lee, Professor of Biblical Criticism in the University of Edinburgh, said, in his sermon before Queen Victoria, at Crathie: "It is reckoned that 100,000 people die annually in England, of preventable diseases. In the same proportion, more than 1,250,000 must die annually from the same causes in Europe."

PAUPERISM AND PROSPERITY.—The late John Avery Parker, a successful merchant of New Bedford, was at one time "warned" to leave Westport, Massachusetts, under the old law or custom of warning strangers who were likely to become a public charge. He died worth $1 300,000.

THE Caucasus states that within the memory of man so much snow has not fallen in the mountains of the Caucasus in any winter as during the present year. The village of Sabakinin, near Kutais, has been completely buried; twelve houses were crushed by avalanches from the mountains, and seventeen persons killed. In other parts of the same district similar accidents had happened, and several persons had lost their lives. One man was got out alive, after having been buried under the snow for 24 hours.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCES.—On the 22nd of February (Washington's birthday), 1851, Lord John Russell was defeated, on Locke King's motion, and resigned. On the 22nd of February, 1852, Lord John Russell's Administration was finally broken up. On the 22nd of February, 1855, Lord Palmerston's Administration was broken up by the retirement of the Peelites; and on the 22nd of February, 1858, Lord Palmerston's second Administration finally resigned in consequence of the vote of censure conveyed by Milner Gibson's motion.

ST. AUBIN, the retired actor of the Theatre Francais, is living at Nice, where he has purchased a charming villa on the sea. He has just made a discovery which they say is destined to create a revolution in horticulture. By placing cups of different colored linen over the head of the artichoke, he has succeeded in producing artichokes of different colors. At the table of the Tuileries, the other day, was served a dish of this vegetable—red, light green, green, blue, and yellow, much to the diversion of the company. May not this be of service to those who are in quest of the long-sought blue dahlia!

DR. DOHM, the editor of the Berlin *Kladderadatch* (Punch), for speaking of the bad grammar in an official notification, has been fined ten thalers.

POETRY AND PORK.—It is somewhat remarkable that Italy, the land of poetry and song, should at the same time be one of the largest dealers in pork; such, however, is the fact.—According to recent published statistics, the salt pork trade of Tuscany alone amounts to 2,000,000 francs annually. About 800,000 francs worth are consumed in the country, and the rest is exported to England, France, Algeria, and Sardinia. The flesh of the wild swine of Italy is the most delicious known, and a great favorite with travellers of pleasure.

CANADA has just adopted a decimal currency. The new coins have been prepared at the English mint, and the first consignment is daily expected to arrive. The silver coinage consists of five, ten, and twenty cent pieces. Cents have also been struck. As yet no quarters have been coined; but the convenience attending their use will soon add them to the list. This change will be an accommodation, not only in Canada, but also in our frontier States, between whose inhabitants and the Canadians a large and increasing business intercourse exists.

A PRIVATE letter from an officer of the second dragoons, on service in Utah, has been communicated to the Boston Journal. The writer gives a statement of army prices current. The cost of supplies, other than regular rations, seems to be respectably heavy. Salt was selling at $3 per pound; green tea was $2 50, and black $2 a pound; coarse boots were $12 per pair; whiskey, $3 a gallon; common felt hats, $5; buttons, 5 cents a piece; tobacco, $2 a pound; brandy, $6 a gallon, and cigars 20 cents each. Cutlery of all kinds was very scarce and high; pistols not to be had at any price; while flour was $50 a barrel, or $25 per cwt. The force does not indulge largely in luxuries.

PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH.—The Warren (Trumbull Co.) Democrat says that the Mahoning Plank Road Company prosecuted Mr. Harmon Lewis for refusing to pay toll—*one cent.* The suit before the justice resulted in a fine of five dollars being assessed upon the defendant. The defendant appealed, and the Common Pleas Court affirmed the decision of the justice; a motion for a new trial was denied, and that has gone up on appeal to the District Court. The costs already amount to over $300.

THE JAFFA OUTRAGE.—The New York Observer says that the perpetrators of the horrible outrage and murder in the family of Mr. Dickson, at Jaffa, in Syria, have been arrested and condemned to death. Fourteen murders have been perpetrated within two years in the vicinity of Jaffa and Jerusalem, on persons of different nations, and no notice has been taken of them by government. The American Consul-in-General in Egypt, Mr. De Leon, by his promptness and energy, brought about the seizure of the perpetrators.

A DOUBLE-HEADED PAPER.—The Bureau county (Ill.) Democrat is a stock concern, principally owned by Douglas men, but is edited by a Lecompton Postmaster. In order to meet the views of both parties, an arrangement, as we learn from the Chicago Tribune, "has been effected by which the editor is allowed four columns on the editorial page, through which he chases Douglas, and the stockholders have four columns on the same page, in which they punish Buchanan. Under its present management it is a funny sheet."

SUSPICIONS OF FRANCE.—It is stated in the New York Tribune that all French commercial houses, having funds in this country to be forwarded to Europe, have ordered their correspondents here to make the transmission in bills of exchange on London, instead of Paris, as usual. They have no confidence in the permanence of Louis Napoleon's government, and take this means of making their money sure.

NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.—*Albany, April 8.*—The Assembly this morning rejected the Voters' Registry Bill, for the further protection of the ballot box, by a vote of 62 yeas against 57 nays—not a majority of the whole, as required.

MR. THACKERAY is said to have joined the editorial staff of the London Times. Doubtful.

SOME of the papers say that Mr. P. T. Barnum is getting on his legs again. It is said he has lately resumed the management of the New York Museum, and is laboring with extraordinary vigor and skill to make it pay. He has, it is also added, lately received $27,000 insurance on Iranistan, and is making preparations to rebuild it. Perhaps these stories of Barnum's returning good fortunes are true.

ANOTHER STRIKE.—A majority of the operatives of the Bartlett Mills, Newburyport, struck on Saturday week, in consequence of their wages having been reduced twenty per cent. The strike of the Naumkeag Mills, Salem, from a similar cause, has not yet been settled. The larger part of the mill owners in New England will doubtless make a reduction of from ten to twenty per cent. when they decide to run their mills full time, and will not resume work without this reduction.

JAMES C. SHEPLEY publishes a card in the St. Paul (Minnesota) Pioneer and Democrat, in which he says he is alone to blame for throwing the printing materials of Mrs. Swisshelm into the river at St. Cloud. He assigns as a reason for so doing that he feared she would make an attack in her paper on his wife. The citizens of St. Cloud, at a public meeting, condemned the act in strong terms.

LETTERS have been received at Washington from ex-President Pierce, conveying the gratifying intelligence that the climate of Madeira continues to prove highly beneficial to the health of his estimable lady.

A VERY singular hoax has been played on the London press. A pretended secret meeting of well known Italian constitutional patriots was held, at which resolutions were adopted, addresses issued, &c., all apparently genuine, and reports were furnished to the papers at quite high prices. It now appears that the whole thing was carried through by a poor but ingenious Irishman, for his own benefit.

A METALLURGICAL COW.—Mr. Miles G. Radford, of Christian county, Ky., killed a cow, a few days ago, in whose stomach were found several ten and six penny nails, a hook from a hat rack, a large brass ring, a hair-pin, a breast-pin, and a quantity of hooks and eyes. "Brindle" seemed to have a taste for metallurgy.

VIRGINIA will not tax oysters. Her House of Delegates on Monday week laid on the table a bill for imposing such tax, by a decided vote.

CRIME IN NEW YORK.—One of the New York papers introduces its calendar of crime thus:—

"The Mysterious Case at the Hudson River Railroad—The William Street Shooting Affair—Highway Robbery and Homicide at Gowanus—Suspicion of Foul Play in Sackett Street, Brooklyn—Another Supposed Murder—The Dead Body picked up at Jamaica—Funeral of Samuels—Singular Case in Williamsburg."

All this, it should be borne in mind, is the record of the day.

THE police of New York, during the last three months, have made 1,146 arrests, recovered $2 600 08 worth of stolen property, caused $5,910, obtained in swindling operations, to be restored to those who had been victimized, and broken up six gift enterprises.

turbance indoors now. Then Thoms—but it's of no use troubling a stranger with these details. He's playing Old Nick over us, sir, and nothing less. It was a fatal night for us that took Mr. Charles."

"You would have been better off under him, you think?"

"Think!" indignantly cried the farmer. "I'd give the half of what I have saved, for the sake of myself and those around me, if Mr. Charles was squire now," he added, in a burst of generosity. "We have never called this one squire, not a man on the estate."

"Did Mr. Charles owe much in this neighborhood when he died?"

"Nothing at all."

"Does he owe you nothing?"

"Me!" echoed Farmer Lee. "Not he! I had sent some money to him just before it happened, and I did fear there was something wrong about that: in short, I thought it was lost; but it was returned to me afterwards, all safe."

"Do you know," said the stranger, after a pause of consideration, "it appears to me that you assume too easily the fact of Charles Dalrymple's death. He may be alive. His body was never found, you say."

This hypothesis was instantly attacked by Farmer Lee and Reuben. If Mr. Charles was alive, where could he be? where could he have disappeared to, and where could he have stopped? No, no—he was dead beyond all doubt.

"I must still maintain my opinion—that there is no certainty about it. Indeed, I think the chances are that he is alive."

"Then perhaps you'll enjoy your opinion in private," cried Farmer Lee. "For to talk in that senseless manner only makes us feel the fact of his death more sharply."

"What if I tell you I met him abroad since the period you mention as having been that of his death?" continued the stranger.

There was a dead pause. Reuben breathed heavily.

"Oh, don't tamper with us!" he cried out. "If my dear young master's alive, let me know it. Perhaps he is alive; perhaps he's near us; perhaps he came down with you to-night!"

The stranger unwound a shawl-handkerchief, in which his voice and chin had been muffled, raised his hat from his brows, and advanced from under the shade cast by the stable wall, into the moonlight.

"Reuben! John Lee! do I look anything like him?"

Farmer Lee and Charles Dalrymple had to support the old man. His knees bent, his strength went from him, and they thought he would have fainted; the joy of recognizing his young master, raised—as it indeed seemed—from a six years grave, was too much for him. Tears partially relieved him, and he sobbed like a child.

"But it's magic," uttered the farmer, when he had wrung Charles's hand as if he would wring it off, "it's nothing less! Dead, yet alive!"

"I never was dead," smiled Charles. "The night when I found myself irretrievably ruined, a rogue as well as a madman—"

"Hold there, sir," sobbed Reuben, "a rogue you never were."

"I was, Reuben. Lee, ruined myself, I staked that night at the gaming table the money I held of yours: staked it and lost it. When I wandered down to Westminster bridge afterwards, and hung over it, the thought was in my heart to take the leap into the river, and into futurity, as my uncle had done before me. A young man, who came past, pulled me back, and indignantly asked what I meant by hanging there. To that circumstance I believe I owe my preservation."

"Your hat was found in the Thames and brought back to me next day," interrupted poor, bewildered, happy Reuben.

"It blew off into the river: it was one of the windiest nights I ever was out in, save at sea," answered Charles. "In the morning I pledged my watch and ring, both valuable, disguised myself in rough clothes, and went to Liverpool, and on board a packet bound for America.—There I have been working honestly for my bread, as a clerk: and my cousin's death, which I saw in the papers, has brought me back."

"Ay, you are the heir to Dalrymple now, Mr. Charles: and poor Sir Charles is on his last legs, we hear," cried Mr. Lee. "Did you know it, sir?"

"I know, perhaps, more than you do," returned Charles. "I come from Dalrymple now. I went straight there on my arrival."

"But how could you be alive all this while, and never tell us, Mr. Charles?" pleaded Reuben. "It was cruel, sir."

"Reuben, I literally dared not. I dreaded the consequences of my fraud—the money I had used of yours, Lee. The fear of being prosecuted as a criminal was always upon me. I had just saved up enough to replace that, when I learnt my cousin's death, and that I was consequently the heir to Dalrymple. I knew that fact would enable me to make arrangements for my other debts, and I came to England."

"Mr. Lee! Mr. Lee!" suddenly cried the excited Reuben, "he is your landlord now, not that screw that has been acting it, and you won't get turned out. I never thought of that."

"I have been thinking of nothing else," said the farmer, ingenuously. "You'll not turn me out, Mr. Charles?"

"No, that I will not," laughed Charles, "and those who are already out shall go back again. But I fear I shall be obliged to turn somebody out of the Grange."

How was the news to be conveyed to Mrs. Dalrymple? Reuben said he should break down if he attempted it, and do more harm than good. Farmer Lee hit upon the brightest scheme: that Isabel Lynn should be taken into their confidence, and that she should break it to Mrs. Dalrymple.

So they fetched out Isabel, and certainly managed to startle and confuse her. Farmer Lee opened the conference by telling her, with an uncomfortably mysterious air, that a dead man was come to life again, who was asking to see her, and Isabel's thoughts flew to a poor laborer, who had died, really died, that morning in the neighborhood. When she was hopelessly and thoroughly mystified, Charles emerged from his hiding-place behind the stables, and they introduced him as Mr Charles Dalrymple, just returned from abroad, which did not tend to mend matters: at least, until her shock of startled surprise was over.

She undertook the difficult task of preparing his mother and sister, and Charles gave her his arm to accompany her by a circuitous path to the front entrance. Never had she accepted any arm with feelings so strange: one moment in a whirlpool of happiness, the next believing she must be walking familiarly with a resuscitated ghost.

"Isabel," he said, "this is more than I deserve."

"Your coming back?"

"Not that. My coming back to find you."

"Did you think I should be dead, as you were?"

"Something worse than dead. Married. I have found you, have I not," he murmured—"found you for my own?"

"Charles! When you know you formally gave me up, as soon as you came into the Grange!"

"Ay, in one of my hot-headed impulses: because I vowed a vow to my father that my mother should remain mistress of the Grange, and I could not see my way clear to keep her there and marry you. It was that, the losing you, which drove me to recklessness. Oh, Isabel, I have bought experience dearly! To find you Isabel Lynn is indeed more than I deserve. I have never forgotten you; I have loved you dearly up to this, my return; let it be again with us, as of old; you promised then to be my wife; promise it now."

She burst into tears; her feelings were too highly strung, her joy too great, to retain composure longer; and she turned and leaned her head upon him for support, he bending fondly over her to catch her whisper:

"Yes, Charles, if you so will it."

They were in danger of forgetting Isabel's task, but she soon quitted him and entered the house. Mrs. Dalrymple and Selina were alone in the oak parlor, frightened and trembling, whilst the master of the Grange, the ostensible master, stood cold and unbending in the great hall, his refractory dependents humming him in and setting forth their wrongs, to which he turned worse than a deaf ear.

Not very long did Charles Dalrymple wait. He saw his mother and sister emerge from the house, Isabel urging them on and talking eagerly, probably assuring them that her marvellous news was no fable. Next Charles was clasped in his mother's arms, and in a few minutes Mr. Lee and Reuben came up; a happier group has rarely assembled under the night stars.

"He there! make way!" And they drew aside as six mounted police dashed up the avenue, who, quitting their horses, entered the house.

"What will be the end of this riot?" uttered Selina Dalrymple, clasping her hands.

"Perhaps the better way to end it will be for me to show myself," said Charles.

"Yes, yes," eagerly acquiesced Farmer Lee; "let us go in, all in a body. Mr. Charles, I wish we had a good painter here to take down the looks when you discover yourself."

"Selina," whispered her brother, "I cannot help displacing Oscar from the Grange. I am sorry, for your sake, but—"

"I am glad," interrupted Selina—"so glad: If you knew, Charles, how miserable and ashamed Oscar's rule has made me, you would know that I speak truth in saying I shall rejoice to see him supplanted at the Grange."

"But I was going to say, my dear, that a good income shall be secured to you, under your control, so that there shall be no more pinching in your household."

"How have you heard about the pinching?"

"I have heard many things at Dalrymple. I went there first."

The constables were standing in the hall, ready to act, whilst the men urged that they had done nothing to be took up for; they had only come to speak to Mr. Dalrymple, and they didn't know as there was no law again that.

"You break the law when you use threats to a man in his own house."

"We haven't used no threats: we want a answer from Mr. Dalrymple; whether he's a going to force us to lodge under the wind and rain, or whether he'll find us roofs to put our bodies in, in place o' them he have destroyed. He told us to go to the workus: but he knows that if we go there we lose all chance o' getting our living, and shall never have a home for our families again."

"I can no longer make room for you on my ground, either as tenants or laborers," haughtily spoke up Oscar. "You may take yourselves entirely away, if you don't like the workhouse."

"We won't say anything about marcy," savagely cried Dyke, "but is there justice? Hands off, Mr. Constable, I'm a doing nothing yet."

"Yes, there is justice," interrupted a voice, which thrilled through the very marrow of Oscar Dalrymple, as Charles advanced, and took his place by the side of the Honorable Mr. Cleveland, who started back in positive fright. "Oscar, you know me. I see; gentlemen, some of you know me: I am Charles Dalrymple, and have returned to claim my own."

Was it a spectre from the grave? Many of them looked as if they feared so: and Oscar Dalrymple's impassible face was moved now to a face of rage and horror, as he gradually backed against the wall behind him.

"I find you have all thought me dead," proceeded Charles, whilst Mr. Cleveland seized upon him, and signs of awaking recognition and delight arose on various countenances,—"but I am not dead, and I never have been: I have simply been abroad. I got into debt and difficulties, my friends, and was afraid to stay in my own country, but now that the difficulties are over, I have come amongst you again."

The faces would have been a group for a David Wilkie: pity, as Farmer Lee said, that one was not there.

"Of course the Grange has been mine throughout," went on Charles, "and my brother-in-law has not been the legal owner: consequently, whatever acts he may have ordered, performed or sanctioned, relating to the estate, are NULL and void."

"He's the squire!" burst forth the room; "our own young squire's come home again, and our troubles are over! Good luck to the ship that brought him!"

Charles laughed, and turned to his poor dependents.

"Yes, your troubles shall be over. I hear that there has been dissatisfaction; and, perhaps, oppression. I can only say, that I will set everything to rights: those tenants who have received a notice to quit may burn it, and those who have been actually driven forth shall be reinstalled."

"But, dear good young master," called out Dyke, in a desponding voice, "the roofs be all off ours, and the walls pretty well levelled with the ground."

"I will build them up again for you, Dyke, stronger than ever," said Charles, heartily; "here's my hand upon it. Constables, I think you will not be wanted here."

Not only Dyke, but the whole multitude, en masse, pressed forward to clasp Charles Dalrymple's hands; and so hard and earnest were the pressures, that Charles was almost tempted to cry for quarter.

"I do not believe it is Charles Dalrymple," burst forth Oscar, in his mortification and rage. "Who is to convince me that it is not an impostor?"

"I can certify that it is really Charles Dalrymple," said Mr. Cleveland, with a suppressed smile: "he is not so changed as to render recognition uncertain. There's no mistaking his handsome face."

"I can certify that it is my dear lost son," added Mrs. Dalrymple, through her tears.

"And I and Mr. Lee can swear to it," cried Reuben. "I wish we were all as sure of heaven."

"Oscar, you know me well enough," said Charles. "Let us be friends. I have not come home to sow discord, but peace and good will. I cannot permit you to continue here at the Grange, for my mother must come back again, and be mistress in her old home. Unless she would like you and Selina to remain with her, her guests: but whether so or not, an income shall be secured to Selina, sufficient to assure you and her a better home than you have kept up lately."

Clouds came over the sea of faces.

Was their young squire not a going to live at the Grange himself? Was he about to leave them again? Was he not a going to be their landlord?

"Oh, yes, he answered, "I am your landlord now and from henceforth. And I hope to be very often at the Grange: I dare say my mother will tell me and you, the more often the better. But my chief residence it cannot be. On my landing in England, I hastened to Dalrymple: and arrived but in time to be recognized and legally acknowledged, before its master's eyes were closed on this world. I am Sir Charles Dalrymple."

Some drew back in humility, some rushed forward to renew the hand-shaking, but it ended with a shout, that made the old hall ring, of Long life to Sir Charles Dalrymple.

"I ran over here between the death and the burial," continued Sir Charles, "and I must return to Dalrymple to-morrow for the funeral. But I trust this short visit has been productive of some good—that it has served to give happiness to hearts where anger and despair were rife. Oscar, once more I say, let us be friends: you shall always find me one."

Oscar Dalrymple could not refuse to take the hand held out to him: but his face was sullen still.

"And now I think that is all for to-night," said Sir Charles, turning his radiant smile on the motley company. "When I return from Dalrymple, the old Grange shall hold a good jollification, and I hope you will all come to it."

They filed out, conscious that the family must want to be alone.

"Miss Isabel," whispered Farmer Lee, with a great broad smile on his face, as he was retreating in his turn, "you must not be too proud to come to our house now, though I can see who will soon be my Lady Dalrymple."

Isabel pushed him away with a laugh and a blush.

But Reuben had stolen up to his master with an anxious, troubled face.

"Mr. Charles," he breathed, forgetting the new title, "you have quite left off the—the—PLAY? You will not take to it again?"

"Never, Reuben," was the grave, hushed answer. "That night, which you all thought fatal to me, and which was so near being so, as I stood on the bridge, looking down on the dark water, I took a solemn oath that I would never again touch a card, or any other incentive to gambling. I never shall."

"God be praised for that!" uttered Reuben.

"For that, and for all," reverently answered Charles. "If I have not cause to praise Him, who can have?"

Thus the Grange passed away from one who had shown himself so unfitted to hold it; and sunshine was restored under the genial reign of Sir Charles Dalrymple. (THE END.)

NOW.—Mr. Emerson, in his lecture on "Works and Days," said many things worthy to be repeated a thousand times. Among the numerous striking passages that lodge in our memory, is the following: The days are God's best gifts to man, but, like many other gifts, pass by unheeded and unappreciated. We ask a friend, What are you doing now? and are answered, I have been doing thus and so, and am going to commence some other work soon, but just now I am not doing anything. And yet we complain that we have no time. An Indian Chief of the Six Nations once said a wiser thing than any philosopher. A white man remarked in his hearing that he had not time enough. Well, replied Red Jacket, gruffly, I suppose you have all there is! He is the wisest and best man who can crowd the most good actions into now.

BELLS AND AGE.—A fiddle improves by age and use: a piano does not, neither does a bell. There is, perhaps, a slight improvement for the first few years, but afterwards the quality deteriorates. Metal, we know, is altered by repeated and long-continued hammering. Thump a piece of iron, and you change the quality of its magnetism, the shock of the waves modifies the magnetism of an iron ship: and some of the music is knocked out of a bell by long-continued use of the clapper.

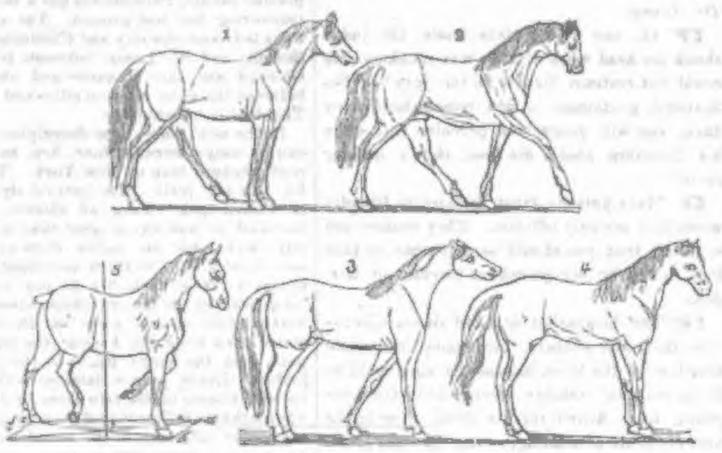
LOCOMOTION OF THE HORSE.

The editor of that excellent periodical, the Horticulturist, having been appealed to to settle a dispute as to the manner a horse moves his feet and legs, says:

Distinguished anatomists and philosophers, no less than the unlearned, have fallen into gross mistakes upon this subject, in consequence of trusting to theoretical opinion rather than to the evidence of observed facts. There is more than one statue in the world mounted upon horses with their legs in positions that would never keep them up.

A late English Cyclopædia places this subject in its true light; as it possesses interest to all our readers, with the aid of four or five wood cuts we proceed to make it intelligible.

Quadrupeds move on their four legs either singly or successively, or in various orders, which correspond with the different velocities of the animal. These different kinds of movement of the legs are known under the terms walking, trotting, galloping and leaping. The horse illustrates the manner in which the locomotion of quadrupeds in general is effected.—Though the subject possesses more or less interest to most persons, yet of the millions of people who are in the daily habit of seeing the horse in motion, how very few consider the means by which the movements of that valuable animal are performed, and are, consequently, in the condition of our inquiring correspondent.



LOCOMOTION OF HORSES.

Let us suppose the horse to be standing on its four legs (as in Fig. 4), and that it commences the walking step by moving its left hind leg (as in Fig. 1); this having been advanced and placed on the ground, the right fore leg is next raised and advanced (as in Fig. 2), and having been placed on the ground, the right hind leg performs a similar movement, and the legs of the animal are in the position Fig. 3.—Lastly, the left fore leg is advanced, and placed in the position of Fig. 4. These four movements complete the step, and during the series, the centre of gravity of the animal passes over a corresponding space. This is the order in which nearly all quadrupeds move their legs in slow walking; but some authors do not coincide in this statement, among whom is Borelli, who has figured the horse as moving both the legs on the same side at once in walking, as some horses are taught to do in the amble, and as the giraffe is known to do naturally.

A little consideration will clear up the error into which Borelli and others have fallen, respecting the horse. It will be observed, from the foregoing statement, that the left hind leg moves first, the right fore leg second, the right hind leg third, and the left fore leg fourth. Now, if we do not analyze this order of motion from its commencement, we may be easily deceived; for, in walking by a horse, the two legs appear indeed to move together on the same side; but this arises from the continuity of the series of movements, which we find begins with the left hind leg, and terminates with the left fore leg, the movement of the right fore leg being in like manner followed by that of the right hind leg, which continuity of movement, if not carefully discriminated, gives an impression that the animal moves both legs on the same side simultaneously.

The Trot.—In trotting, the horse moves its legs in pairs, diagonally. Thus, if the legs *a d* (Fig. 5) be raised, and advanced first, the legs *b c* will be raised the instant those designated by *a d* reach the ground. On the other hand, when the legs *b c* are raised before the legs *a d* reach the ground, there is a short interval, during which all the legs are raised above the ground at the same time. In trotting, each leg moves rather more frequently, in the same period of time, than in walking, or nearly as 6 to 5; but the velocity required by moving the legs in pairs instead of consecutively, depends on the circumstance that, in trotting, each leg rests on the ground a short time, and swings during a long one. In walking, the trunk oscillates laterally, whereas, in trotting, it oscillates vertically: but in each of these kinds of movement there appears to be a slight motion of the trunk of the animal both laterally and vertically.

It may be observed that the vertical line traversing the base of support, passes through the horse in such a manner as to leave by far the greater part of the weight of the body to be supported by the two fore legs.

The Gallop.—In galloping, the horse adopts three different methods of using its organs of locomotion, which are distinguished by the number and the order in which the feet reach the ground.

First Order of Motion.—If the four legs reach the ground in succession, the left hind foot reaches the ground first, the right hind foot second, the left fore foot third, the right fore foot fourth. This is the gallop of four beats, sometimes denominated the canter. This order of movement is not adapted for great speed, but is an agreeable motion in riding on horseback for ladies, or for gentlemen who ride lazily or badly.

Third Order of Motion.—In this kind of action, the horse moves the legs in the same order as in trotting; that is, the left hind and right forefeet reach the ground simultaneously, then the right hind and left fore feet. This is the order in which the feet move in racing, and whenever the greatest speed is required. It is called the gallop of two beats.

Leaping.—In leaping, the horse raises the fore legs from the ground, and projects the body upwards and forwards by the hind legs alone. It is well known that they leap rivulets, hedges and ditches with great ease, even under the burden of heavy riders; but, to accomplish this, an enormous expenditure of muscular action must be required, since the muscles which produce the effect act at a great mechanical disadvantage.

Horses which are constituted for great speed, have the shoulder joints directed at a considerable angle with the arm. Saintbell has given the relative proportions of the several parts of the skeleton of the celebrated race-horse, "Eclipse," together with the angles of inclination and range of motion belonging to the joints and legs. According to his account, that horse, when galloping at liberty, and at its greatest speed, passed over twenty-five feet at each step—these strides were taken two and a half times in a second, being the rate of about four miles in six minutes and two seconds, or forty miles in an hour and twenty seconds.

The subject has puzzled very wise heads, and will interest all those who love a fine horse.

HOW GARTERS SHOULD BE WORN.—The Prince Frederick William has been made chevalier of the noble order of the Garter. The order is worn on the left leg below the knee, which proves as a judicious historian has remarked, that in the day of the beautiful Countess of Salisbury, the English women had the habit of wearing the garter below the knee—a question which merits examination and inquiry. We ask if it be possible that one can destroy the proportions of a well shaped leg by gartering the stocking below the knee? Look at the statue of a Venus, and in thought draw a band or an elastic under the knee—would not the result be a deformity? But place the band above the knee, and the harmony of the lines is not disturbed—it becomes an ornament.

The women of Athens and Rome, who were famed for their taste and skill in dress and knowledge of artistic beauty, wore the garter above the knee. But not to occupy ourselves with them, let us see how long it has been thus worn with us. We have an authority in this matter—the Duke de Saint Simon. If he does not prove the garter to have been worn above the knee before the reign of the great King, he establishes, at least, this fact—that the elegant and fashionable women of the time wore it thus; for in his memoirs alluding to a Mlle. de Brenille, whose inelegant manners caused much ridicule and gossip, he says, in his language then so popular, "She was one of those common, vulgar persons who garter below the knee!" Apropos of garters—at a ball given last week by the Marquis d'Arlon, a garter of exquisite workmanship was picked up in one of the saloons. It was of silk, embroidered with gold and pearls, and the clasp was formed by a double star of diamonds and opals. The Count de B., the fortunate finder, wears it on his arm, and is in search of its mate.—*Boston Transcript.*

☞ To most men experience is like the stern lights of a ship, which illumine only the track it has passed.—*Coleridge.*

A PEOPLE WITHOUT TEETH.—Dr. Livingstone gives an account of a strange deformity existing in a tribe of negroes in the sun-toasted country he has been exploring. Every man, woman, and child, connected with the tribe are without front teeth. Inquiring into the cause of this unnatural appearance it was given him thus: "Once upon a time, the chief of the tribe, like many better men in civilized countries, was possessed of a refractory wife. He endured her impudence and annoyance for many years, but one day his passion becoming suddenly aroused, he gave her a blow in the mouth with his fist. The blow must have been not only severe but well aimed, for it relieved the mouth of the proud woman of all its front teeth. Thus despoiled of her most prized beauty, the sable matron hid herself in shame, and afterwards became a tractable and obedient wife. The warriors of the tribe in council assembled, observed the good results of that one blow of the chief, and being troubled generally with disobedient wives, resolved at once to follow his pugilistic example. Each repaired to his home, and rested not contented until their wives were forcibly relieved of their front teeth! The result of this general infliction, however, was far from being satisfactory."

LITERATURE NEGLECTED.—I have never talked loudly of the claims of literary men, and have always maintained that, for them, especially when they are of real merit, to complain of neglect, is, for the most part, absurd. A great writer, as I think Mr. Carlyle has well said, *creates a want for himself*—a most artificial one. *Nobody wanted him before he appeared. He has to show them what they want him for.* You might as well talk of Leverrier's planet having been neglected in George the Second's time. It had not been discovered; that is all.—*Arthur Helps.*

☞ Sheridan said, beautifully, "Women govern us; let us render them perfect; the more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of their minds depends the wisdom of men."

REFLECTIONS OF A DEAD BODY.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

SCENE.—A female sitting by a bed-side, anxiously looking at the face of her husband, just dead. The soul within the dead body soliloquizes.

"What change is this! What joy! What depth of rest!
What suddenness of withdrawal from all pain
Into all bliss? Into a balm so perfect
I do not even smile! I tried but now,
With that breath's end, to speak to the dear face
That watches me—and lo! all in an instant,
Instead of toil, and a weak, weltering tear,
I am all peace, all happiness, all power,
Laid on some throne in space. Great God! I am dead.
"(*A pause.*) Dear God! Thy love is perfect;
Thy truth known.
"(*Another.*) And He—and they! How simple and strange! How beautiful!
But I may whisper it not—even to thought;
Lest strong imagination, hearing it,
Speak, and the world be shattered.

"(*Soul again pauses.*) O balm! O bliss! O saturating smile
Unsmiling! O doubt ended! certainty
Begun! O will, faultless, yet all indulged,
Encouraged to be wilful—to delay
Even its wings for heaven; and thus to rest
Here, here, even here—'twixt heaven and earth awhile,
A bed in the morn of endless happiness.

"I feel warm drops falling upon my face:
They reach me through the rapture of this cold.
—My wife! my love!—'tis for the best thou canst not
Know how I know thee weeping, and how fond
A kiss meets thine in these unowning lips.
Ah! truly was my love what thou didst hope it,
And more; and so was thine—I read it all—
And our small feuds were but impatiences
At seeing the dear truth ill understood.
Poor sweet! thou blamest now thyself, and heapest
Memory on memory of imagined wrong,
As I should have done too—as all who love;
And yet I cannot pity thee: so well
I know the end, and how thou'lt smile hereafter.

"She speaks my name at last, as though she feared
The terrible, familiar sound; and sinks
In sobs upon my bosom. Hold me fast,
Hold me fast, sweet, and from the extreme grow calm—
Me, cruelly unmoved, and yet how loving!

"How wrong I was to quarrel with poor JAMES!
And how dear FRANCIS mistook me! That pride,
How without ground it was! Those arguments,
Which I supposed so final, oh how foolish!
Yet gentlest Death will not permit rebuke,
Even of one's self. They'll know all, as I know,
When they lie thus.

"Colder I grow, and happier.
Warmness and sense are drawing to a point,
Ere they depart; myself quitting myself.
The soul gathers its wings upon the edge
Of the new world, yet how assuredly!
Oh! how in balm I change! actively willed,
Yet passive, quiet; and feeling opposites mingle
In exquisitest peace! Those fleshy clothes,
Which late I thought myself, lie more and more
Apart from this warm, sweet, retreating me,
Who am as a hand, withdrawing from a glove.

"So lay my mother: so my father; so
My children; yet I pitied them. I wept,
And fancied them in graves, and called them 'poor!'

"O graves! O tears! O knowledge, will, and time,
And fear, and hope! what petty terms of earth
Were ye! yet how I love ye as of earth,
The planet's household words; and how postpone,
Till out of these dear arms, th' immeasurable
Tongue of the all-possessing smile eternal!
Ah! not excluding these, nor aught that's past,
Nor aught that's present, nor that's yet to come,
Well waited for. I would not stir a finger
Out of this rest, to reassure all anguish;
Such warrant hath it; such divine conjuncture;
Such a charm binds it with the needs of bliss.

"That was my eldest boy's—that kiss. And that
The baby with its little unweening mouth;
And those—and those—Dear hearts! they have all come,
And think me dead—me, who so know I'm living,
The vitalest creature in this fleshy room.
I part; and with my spirit's eyes full opened,
Will look upon them.

(*Spirit parts from the body, and breathes upon their eyes.*

"Patient be those tears,
Fresh heart-dews, standing on these dear clay-moulds
Of souls made of myself—made of us both
In the half-heavenly time. I quit ye but
To meet again, and will revisit soon
In many a dream, and many a gentle sigh."

SINGULAR INSTANCES OF THE DECAY OF OLD FAMILIES.—A curious inquiry has been made concerning the decay of some great European families, and the result is both ridiculous and sublime. A Duchess de Saint Simon is a *femme de ménage* at Belleville! The history of *her* decay is most wonderful. The heir of the last Doge of Venice is a perfumer at Saint Denis. The keys of Venice, gilt with care, confided to the hereditary keeping of the family, repose beneath a glass shade on the mantel-piece in his back shop. The Captal de Buch—a unique title—one of the noblest in France, is a little actor, on little wages, at the little theatre of Beaumarchais: and the granddaughter of a Duchess de San Severino works by the day at a fashionable milliner's. We may add to the above, that the sole descendant of the beautiful Aissé, who was naked in marriage by the Prince de Condi, earns a pitiful living at Chaillot!

ADVICE.—It is a maxim of prudence that when you advise a man to do something which is for your own interest as well as for his, you should put your own motives for advising him, full in view, with all the weight that belongs to it. If you conceal the interest which you have in the matter, and he should afterwards discover it, he will be resolutely deaf even to that part of the argument which fairly does concern himself. If the same man had endeavored to persuade his blind friend that it was pure charity which induced him to lend the use of his eyes, you may be certain that he never would have been carried home, though it was the other's interest to carry him.—*Arthur Helps.*

MY FIFTIETH BIRTH-DAY.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

I used to think, when I, a child,
Played with the pebbles on the shore
Of the clear river, rippling wild,
That rolled before my father's door,
How long, how very long 'twould be
Ere I could live out fifty years;
To think of it oft shocked my glee,
And filled my childish heart with fears.

I looked at grandma as she sat,
Her forehead decked with silvery rime,
And thought, "When I'm as old as that,
Must I darn stockings all the time?
Must I sit in an arm-chair so,
A white frilled cap around my face,
With dull drab strings, and ne'er a bow,
And keep things always in their place?"

The lines of care, the sigh of pain,
The "Hush!" her lips so oft let fall,
Made me wish, o'er and o'er again,
I never might grow old at all.
Yet she was ever cheerful, and
Would oft times join our sport and mirth;
And many a play by her was planned
Around the winter evening hearth.

But then she played not by the brook,
She did not gather pretty flowers,
She did not sing with merry look
Nor make a spring-time of the hours.
So, when she said, one sunny morn,
"You will be old, like me, some day,"
I wept like one of hope forlorn,
And threw my playthings all away.

Be old! like grandma, and not roam
The glen in spring, for violets blue,
Or bring the bright May blossoms home,
Or pick the strawberries 'mong the dew!
Be old! and in the summer time
Take weary naps in mid-day hours,
And fall the Chandler trees to climb,
And shake the ripening fruit in showers!

Be old! and have no nutting-bees
Upon the hillside, rustling brown,
Or hang upon the vine-clad trees,
And shout the rich ripe clusters down!
Be old! and sit round wintry fires!
Be fifty! have no sliding-spree!
And hush away all wild desires!
I thought 'twere better not to be.

But two score years have glided by,
With summer's heat and winter's cold,
With sunny hours and clouded sky,
Till now I'm fifty—now I'm old.
The sun-burnt locks are silvery now,
That used to dangle in the wind;
And eyes are dim, and feet move slow,
That left my playmates all behind.

Spectacles lie upon my nose,
But no white frill looks prim and cold;
My gray hair curls—I wear pink bows—
I do not feel so very old.
To play among the pebbles, I
Would love, on that familiar shore,
Where once I watched the swallows fly
The dancing, rippling waters o'er.

I'd like to climb the apple tree,
Where once the spicy sweetening grew,
Make grape-vine swings, and have a glee;
But I am *fifty*—'twouldn't do.
I'd like to go a nutting now,
And gather violets in the glen—
And wreathe the wild flowers round my brow,
As well as e'er I did at ten.

I'd like to slide upon the pond,
To watch the old mill struggling there
In icy chains, while all beyond
Was one broad mirror, cold and glare.
I'd like to see the noisy school,
Let out a-nooning, as of old,
Play "Lost my glove," and "Mind the rule;"
My heart throbs quick—it is not cold.

I hear the cry of Kate and Jane,
Of Lottie, Lina, Helen, Sue—
Ah, yes! (I'll own it) in between
Come George, and Dan, and William, too.
I'm fifty, but I am not sad;
I see no gloom in ripening years;
My hopes are bright, my spirit glad—
How vain were all my childish fears!

My childish sports, I loved them then;
I love to think them over still;
To shut my eyes, and dream again
Of silvery stream and woodland hill.
But life has pleasures holier still
Than childhood's play, with all its zest,
That, as we journey down the hill,
Make each succeeding year the best.

Now stalwart men are at my hearth,
And "bonnie lasses" laughing free,
That had not lived on this good earth,
To love and labor, but for me;
And shall I pine for childhood's joys,
For woodland walks and violets blue,
While round me merry girls and boys
Are doing what I used to do?

My days of toil, my years of care,
Have never chilled my spirits' flow,
Or made one flower of life less fair
Than in the spring-time, long ago.
The paths I've trod were sometimes rough,
And sharp and piercing to my feet;
Yet there were daisied walks enough
To make it all seem smooth and sweet.

Friends that I loved have passed from sight
Before me to the spirit home;
But in the day that knows no night,
I know they'll greet me when I come.
Hopes that I've cherished, too, were vain;
But I have lived to feel and know
That were life to live o'er again,
'Twere better that it should be so.

At every winding of the way,
I've sought for love, and love have given;
For love can cheer the darkest day,
And make the poorest home a heaven.

Oh! ye who are passing down, like me,
Life's autumn side, be brave and strong,
And teach the lispers at your knee
That fifty years is not *so long*;
That if they would be ever young
And free from dolorous pain and care,
The life-harp must be ever strung
With love of duty, everywhere.

As violins in foreign lands,
Broken and shattered o'er and o'er,
When mended and in skillful hands,
Make sweeter music than before,
So oft the heart, by sorrow torn,
Gives forth a loftier, clearer song
Than that which greeted us at morn,
When it was new, and brave, and strong.

Father, I thank thee for them all,
These fifty years which now are passed;
Oh! guide me, guard me, till the pall
Of death my form shall hide at last.
Let me in love and kindness still
Live on, nor o'er grow hard and cold;
Bend me and break me to Thy will,
But may my spirit ne'er grow old!

—*Missouri Democrat*

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

On arriving at Mr. ———'s farm I was domiciled with the storekeeper, overseer, and an engineer. After some days I found that the first two were convicts still under sentence. Up to this period I had not exactly calculated to associate with convicts: but when assured by the engineer, who was a free native of the colony, that it was customary on all the large farms to make no distinction between convicts in the superior situations and free persons, and that I might travel the country from end to end and find no difference, I thought no more about the matter.

The estate was one of a class almost universal in the portion adjacent to Sydney. In the first years of the colony—perhaps not less than from thirty to forty—no expectation existed of a more penal settlement at the antipodes ever becoming a place of importance. The great value of the land and timber after the lapse of a few years was not foreseen. When, therefore, many of the civil and military officers who had, from protracted residence, come to feel the country a second home, and who felt the desirableness of not exchanging in old age its delightful climate for that of foggy Britain, determined on remaining, grants of land were readily conceded them without payment. So far the matter was well enough—but the prodigality of these early grants is beyond all vindication. Thousands of acres were granted for a single homestead. Thus nearly all the valuable land within fifty miles of the capital was alienated without securing a population. The families of these great grantees still retain their titles: and except on the roadsides or in the towns, this region of country is still comparatively a wilderness. Some of these great landlords indeed sell and leave small spots; and among them are also interspersed a few small grantees. Still the general character of this part of Australia is no described. Plenty of these great landlords can ride for hours along their side lines without reaching the spot they set out from. They in fact constitute, and will for ages constitute an aristocracy as real, and as overwhelming in wealth and influence, as that which existed in the old monarchies of Europe. Even by the period when I emigrated thither, society had lost its original form of classification. It was no longer divided into the free and the bond; but into this arrogant class on the one hand, and all beneath them on the other. In their eyes the convict and the free emigrant of humble standing constituted but one class. On this principle they made their farm arrangements; on this principle they had the laws made. They who imagine that Australia at some not very distant period may become a republic like the United States, know nothing about the real constitution of society there. It may become a republican oligarchy, a commonwealth of aristocrats, overriding the masses with a tyranny more rampant, insolent, and inexorable than that of kings, a second edition of patrician and plebeian Rome; but no more.

I heard, but now forget the extent of my employer's estate. I recollect, however, that the word "thousands," in the description of it, stood coupled with some handsome digit before the word "acres." Meantime, he was not a man individually to be grudged his good fortune. He was accounted by far the most clement of the magistrates of the neighborhood—was just, and even generous in his dealings—had been a gallant officer in his day. He had perhaps twelve or fifteen free emigrants in his employ on that farm—for, like all these Australian grandees, he had a whole catalogue of others in various quarters further up the country—and beside these free emigrants, there were close on fifty convicts. Even the various kinds of common arts and other work needed for the estate was done on it. There was a smith, a tailor, a shoemaker, a harness-maker, a tanner, a woolsorter, a weaver, a butcher, and various others of like order, all convicts. All this class of farm expenses was unknown up to this period to the Australian grandees, except to the small extent of the ration and clothing of the convict tradesman: for very small it must have been where the materials, both of food and apparel, were produced on the spot, as well as the manufacture performed there.

My occupation of teaching two young boys was by no means a disagreeable one in itself to me. The storekeeper was a well educated man, and had been regularly trained as a chemist.—I have already said that he was a convict, and he was still under sentence. After the information given me respecting the custom of the country, under which I found myself rated with a couple of felons, I should have thought no more of it. But not so the man himself: he found a gratification in bringing his equality under my notice as frequently and insultingly as possible. Had I been able then to view human life and human character with the sentiments I have now, I should have felt sorry for him, rather than indignant and disdainful. As it was, I at length, and after considerable patience, resented his conduct. When he found that the thing could not go on just as it was, but that he must either go a step backward or a step forward, he selected the latter, and carried his complaint to the employer. I never knew what his representations were, for the first time that gentleman met me afterwards, he inquired whether I was quarrelling with the storekeeper. I said at once, yes. Without any further explanation, he said, very curtly—that the man was become an important servant to him, and if he had to part with one of us, it must be myself. Of course, to me at that time, this was enough. Here again was a fresh consequence of my secluded rearing. An ordinary boy—one bred amidst the scenes of actual life—would have immediately brought forward the facts of the case; but though those facts were all on my own side, and though it was a moral certainty that the man had grossly falsified them, and though the proof of the true state of the case was amply ready, I never thought of taking such a course. It was a remark of a modern sage, which ought never to be lost sight of in the education of a boy—as, indeed, what remark of his was not an important one?—that only habitual converse with mankind is to be depended upon for endowing a man with readiness and aptness in the use of the powers of his understanding. I wrote a receipt for my wages and left.

At a tavern a few miles distant, where I stopped that night, a clerk was wanted. The owner, originally a convict, after a desperate course of rebellion during the continuance of his sentence, during which he was flogged in the most severe manner again and again, had, on becoming his own master, reversed his course of proceeding, and betaken himself so heartily to industry and thrift as to accumulate considerable property, and to become the owner of a couple of very profitable mills beside his tavern. It was the accounts of these mills, which he had been endeavoring to keep himself till they were in a condition of hopeless perplexity, that he wanted me to undertake. I stayed a few days and made the attempt; but found I was not competent to the undertaking. Here was the same mischief repeating itself. Abstract numbers I knew well enough. But when I came to need to use them in the current business of life, I found myself perplexed and altogether impotent.

I gave up the task with a feeling that I was a man come on the arena of life utterly and radically damaged: for I began to see distinctly enough the nature of the evil. I saw that my whole body of knowledge was unpractical; that whilst, in a sense, I knew everything, I could do nothing. I had none to advise me of the proper remedy. What else could I do than yield to my own impression? That impression was this—"Faint not, sink not here, go on; let all you know be as nothing to you; forget even that you can read; go whither the current carries you; do what the exigency of the hour demands, so far as you can; and what you cannot do, endeavor to learn to do; be above nothing; above no man; enter the world like an infant, anew." This resolve as will soon be seen, led me into some grievous predicaments. But it was, I am inclined to believe, the master key of my difficulty. It made my mind as essentially practical as it was originally the reverse of practical. It did more. It made me rigidly truthful; and that, in my present estimation, is worth all and far more than all the cost incurred. It may be also that this was the great result which the far-seeing God, ever my friend even when I knew Him not, desired to bring about. And at all events it was a better direction to take than that of some of my own standing, who had walked Sydney streets till they were obliged to button their coats up to the cravat; and then walked on a few days longer, and hung, or drowned, or shot themselves. Mere clerkly acquirements were at this period in no request in the colony as possessed by free young men. Convict clerks were to be obtained on application to the Prisoner's Barracks by the dozen; and employers generally preferred them; because they could do as they pleased with them, and could give them whatever wages they chose.

Singular as it may seem, amidst all this perplexity and calamity, I had a conviction that it was no necessity of my being, but a disturbance of its essential tendencies; something which could and would be remedied eventually. I had an impression that there was a science of human life, and appertaining to it some very simple system of principles which steadily acted out, would make our career in the world all that the well cultivated mind could desire. I could not discern the principles, but I felt sure there were such. The study of so many subjects had yielded, if no more, at least an embryo of opinion, that nothing could be named that had not its laws. But if so, then human life had. Were I asked now to expound the Art of Life, I should say it consisted in three main particulars:—Having objects at once rational, good, and definite;—using as much as possible means whose operation is fully understood and their effects certainties;—persevering in full confidence, unwavering, undismayed by all adverse events and appearances till success is attained. And it is so. These are the three great laws of our earthly life as free moral agents.

But some, allowing this to be so, and remarking the utter ignorance of these laws in which we come upon our present stage of existence; and the length of time it takes for the discovery of them; and the near approach we must make to our exit from the scene of our earthly life before we can perceive its laws by the processes of natural reason; may feel inclined to found upon the facts collectively, a demurrer disputing the goodness of God, or at least the ceaselessness of His benevolent care for us. To me the matter presents itself under a far different aspect. It seems to me that in God's revealed system of truth, the three things named are precisely those which He is placing the most prominently before us, in a mode far more interesting, more attractive, more generally appreciable than in the dry dialectic form. Cast these three particulars into the form of axioms, and say whether they do not constitute a correct generalization of the teachings of Holy Writ. But how immeasurably inferior in potency! How mean the most ambitious effort of dialectics beside the plain tale of the Divine volume. When God's own Book, full as it is of tenderness and majesty, affects men so rarely and so little, what a sanguine man must he be who could expect a human version of it, divested of all that melts and all that awes the heart of man, diminished moreover into a mere synopsis, to do any great wonders, or indeed anything at all. So much for the case of those who have the Bible. As for those who have not, they could do nothing with the axioms. They cannot see the very first of them. They may reach the rational, they may comprehend what is definite, but how are they, without the revelation of God, to decide what is good? So that for them to know the whole substance of the Art of Life, this particular excepted, would be to be in no wise aided in their progress toward the endless existence. But on the contrary, the knowledge would increase the evil of their present condition a thousand fold. Forming their own erroneous estimate of morals, the very truth and soundness of their other principles would only stimulate them to a more calamitous pertinacity—a more unsuspecting confidence in a retrograde course. Is it not in fact self-evident, that if anything is to be done for man beyond what the mute providence of God is ever doing for him—by scenes and events and inward influences leading to just views of his own nature and the character of his Maker—that further thing must be done by the "glad tidings" of that train of yet more grand events, and the more imposing scenes by which He completed the revelations of his Own Will and His creatures' duty?

In a long course of years, I have obtained somewhat coherent and systematic ideas of how I ought to have acted at the early period of life. But had I at that period been instructed in the very form supposed, I do not believe it would have helped me in the slightest. For I was not in a state of feeling and disposition to accept God's "good" as my "good." The great point of all, I was incredulous about. It was that which I needed to be taught, that I was not solicitous to be taught. "What is Truth?" said Pilate; and the very cause and embodiment of truth, the "I AM," Truth itself, standing before him! And when he had said this, *he went out*—did not even wait for an answer.

From the tavern where I have described myself staying for a while, I could see the setting sun go down behind a range of lofty mountains. These, I was told, were the Blue Mountains, and that beyond them lay the Bathurst country. At their base, on the side next to us, wound a large river, periodically overflowing its banks and enriching the flats on either side, by still new deposits every year. But the mountain track of country was too broken for the farmer. Here and there some stock-holder had found a cluster of small luxuriant valleys, full of springs and park-like glades and natural lawns; and there, tending his herds alone, he oftentimes saw no form and heard no voice of man beside his own for months together; unless when some wandering, barefoot savage trod silently and suddenly into his door, or when the wild shouts of the teamsters, urging their long teams of eight and ten oxen along the far-off road on the mountain's side, attracted his attention. Beyond this tract of country, however, there lay Bathurst Plains, and the town of Bathurst. A region of extensive plains and plentiful in waters, it was already well settled. Thither I determined to go. A short distance forward there was, I was told, a separation of the road into two ways: the one, the main, well-travelled road, cut through on the shortest line the surveyors could find, often through places which at first sight seemed impassible, and where, indeed, only the immense force of convict labor which the government had at its disposal could ever have overcome the obstacles; the other, for the most part only a bridle road, little travelled, and exceedingly solitary. I preferred the latter.

The river crossed, the division of the road reached, I struck off to my right toward the Carryjong range. First came a long ridge, the road winding along its summit gradually upward; then a whole landscape of great round steep-sided hills, which human industry had already disencumbered of their forests, and laid bare to the sun; burning out the stumps, as is much the custom in Australia, where even the green timber is highly combustible. The remnants of forest interspersed here and there, showed that the timber had been a magnificent growth. Settlers' homesteads stood plentifully over the hilly and picturesque surface, which was now loaded with rich crops of grain, swaying to and fro beneath the summer breeze. It was a scene of perfect rural prosperity. And yet, but a few years before, all these people, the children excepted, had been in jails and hulks. Little farms had been granted them in this out-of-the-way part of the country, and they were now orderly members of society—a pregnant hint to those whose study is penal discipline.

By-and-bye, having passed the summit of this group of hills and descended to lower land, I came to what I had been told would be the last but I should meet with for many miles. Here one companionless old man kept a herd of cattle, seven or eight hundred strong, belonging to some resident of one of the towns. There was a clearing of about fifteen acres in an oblong square, fenced with the usual straight post and rail fence, and exhibiting a fine crop of Indian corn. Plenty of the stalks stood ten and twelve feet high. The road ran along one of the narrow ends of the clearing, which it left at the traveller's right. Along the junction line of the two ran the front of the little hut, with the door in the middle. It was of split slabs, placed on end, and nailed at top to a wall plate. The roof was formed of sheets of bark, each about the size of a large door, and beautifully flat, laid on small poles crossing the rafters; the whole surmounted by a few saddle sheets of still larger dimensions. At one end was a capacious chimney, also of split slabs, from which I could see before I reached it, a faint smoke curling up into the yet warm afternoon air. The door was closed, but according to Australian custom in the woods, I opened it and went in. A couple of berths at, fixed to the farther side of the hut, indicated that it was sometimes necessary even here to provide for a visitor. An idea of the genial and healthy climate may be formed, when I say that the rugged edges of the split slabs in many places did not meet by a couple of inches, and yet nothing further was done to them in winter. They stood open just in the same way all the year through; just thus they constituted the inner side of the bunks in all weathers.

The sun was setting when the old stockman rode up to his hut. So much by himself, it was a pleasant surprise to him to find a traveller there before him. In Australia very few chew tobacco, but almost every male living in the woods smokes. The stockman's first act after dismounting was to light his short pipe, even before unsaddling his horse; and his first after turning the horse off into the bush, to put down two quart pots of water for tea before the fire on the hearth, which I had already supplied with logs. Presently on went the frying pan, well filled with the veal of a fat calf, killed a day or two before. Cattle are so plentiful in Australia that only the very best are slaughtered; and at these stock-stations especially a fastidiousness in the article of meat prevails which could not be exceeded by the most wealthy bon vivant of a capital city. I asked him how he came to kill so young an animal. He said: "Plenty more in the bush. I've got more to look after now than I can keep on the run." Scores of them get away into the mountains, and go wild.—My run, take it one part with another, is about twenty miles across. But I can't get the master to make a second station, and draft off some of the cattle to it. He says there's not enough stock yet to pay. So, as I tell him, he loses three times what he thinks he saves by the cattle going wild. There are hundreds of wild cattle in the gullies between here and Bathurst."

After supper I inquired about the road. He said "I doubt if you can find it, but you can try. Faint heart never won fair lady. I've been through once; but I couldn't have got through if I had not known the face of the country so well. It's all rocks and gullies; and if you once get off the road only a hundred yards, look out; it's all up with you. Even an old hand in the country wouldn't stand any chance. About a couple of years ago I found the bones of two poor fellows that had most likely bolted from one of the iron-gangs on the other road. They were laying within a rod of one another just on the edge of a little open spot where it's swampy except in very dry times. The irons were still round the legbones of one of the skeletons; but the other fellow it seemed had managed to get his off. I could not see any sign of them. Their clothing was all scattered about in rags; so, no doubt the warregals† had found them out. Well, it was better than staying in one of them iron-gangs."

I said:

"The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away."

"Ha!" he replied, "you free emigrants know very little about a prisoner's hardships. If you were to see what goes forward in a square of iron-gang huts sometimes, you'd think as we do. Why I've seen men flogged when I first came to the country, and was working for Government on that new road, to half-minute time. There was a soldier officer in charge of the gang; and all three overseers were convicts themselves. But instead of having any pity for us, they were the worst sort of overseers going. If a man only straightened his back whilst he was at work, there was fifty for him. Every night the list was given in to the commandant, and next morning by daybreak it was—All hands muster in two ranks round the square. Then when we had stood there half an-hour or so wondering which of us was going to get his allowance that morning, out would come the commandant, and the game would go on. Half-minute time by the watch. A hundred lashes spun out to close on an hour. Most times there was as many to flog as took three hours; and then they'd send us in to breakfast."

I had already met with so many witnesses of atrocious facts of this sort and even worse, that I could not doubt them, or wonder at the convicts feeling reckless and desperate. At that time I only wondered that things should be as they were. Now I no longer wonder. I see the reason. I know that British Penal Discipline will be a failure so long as the British Constitution continues what it is. The leading management of it, from the first conception of the statutes down to the more authoritative supervision of their execution, is in the hands of those who have no acquaintance with the mind of the humbler ranks, by which in the main the felony of civilized countries is produced.

When I was starting off in the morning, the old man, after giving me full directions to Bathurst, which was about forty miles distant, returned to the subject of the skeletons he had found. "Those poor fellows," he said, "got bewildered, there's no doubt, at the turn of the creek they came down. The head of it is close to where the huts of the gang stood at that time; and they ran it down right enough till they came to where the creek forks into two branches, and took one of the branches. But when these branches meet again they come together just like the top strokes of a T; and then strike off together at an angle. So, I think, there being no water in the creek at the time, and no fall of the ground that you can take notice of, they couldn't believe the short turn was the main creek, but kept going right on, down one arm and up the other, and back to the fork, and so round and round till they got too weak to travel—for it wouldn't take an iron-gang man long to come to that—and so gave up and died. Now you mind you don't get off the marked-tree line, for if you do, it's all up with you."

At first the path was broad and well-beaten; but as it ran further and further into the wilderness from the point of concentration of the herd, it became narrower and more faint; so that long before I had penetrated twenty miles into the tangled brakes, covering summit and hollow alike, I had several times been unable to discriminate between the main trail and a diverging cattle track. Recourse, however, to the marked trees directed me to a correct selection. The soil was of a richness that I never saw exceeded, and the vegetation corresponded. Not a level acre presented itself. It seemed as if the surface had been in some far back era torn up by the outburst of a nest of volcanoes; and all animals being driven away by the appalling desolation, vegetative power had gone on to establish itself—a sort of silent and sublime Presence. Hills and ravines, gullies and rocks;—and nothing besides save the world of woods that shrouded every foot of surface from the rays of the sun, and, but for the murmurs of the rushing rills, still as the depths of catacombe. The ground was dark and slippery, and the air all shadowy and chill. Often for rods around did the slender and graceful musk tree extend its fragrance. Streams clear as crystal rushed rapidly along over beds of large rounded stones or of whitest sand. And thus it was, mile after mile; hour after hour.

I at length found myself without any guidance whatsoever. The trail had disappeared, and the marked trees had either been cut down by fire, or were originally marked at too great distances. At the last sure spot, I hung a red handkerchief on a shrub, and putting down my bundle beside it, made a wide sweep round; so wide indeed that I was near losing my signal flag. But all in vain. I could neither find marked trees, nor strike the trail beyond that spot. Vexed as I was, after a delay of nearly an hour, I was obliged to retrace my steps. I got back to the well-beaten part of the track before the day had altogether disappeared. But it was not till the broad, bright, peerless Australian moon shone in fullest lustre from a sky without a cloud, and almost without a star, that I gained once more the old stockman's hut. I have seen the moon in many latitudes and longitudes, but I never saw it comparable in the most remote degree to what it is in Australia on some nights in summer and autumn. Its effulgence is such that stars of the first magnitude in its immediate vicinity are barely distinguishable, and the whole host of lesser stars fades right out.

After spending the greater part of the night in cogitation, and in consideration of the fact that I now possessed funds sufficient to keep me for some time, I determined to try Sydney once again. A fresh impulse was come to sweep away the plan of the day before.

In returning, I stopped one night at the tavern already mentioned. The owner anew pressed me to stay with him. Much away from his home, buying grain for his mills to supply his contracts with the Commissariat Department, he wanted some energetic person of the male sex at home. But I did not consent. The old convict's parting words are worth recording. They have often run in my ears since; and I doubt not, contributed in no mean degree to form my present character in one of the minor points:—

"You had best stay with me. I've seen too much trouble myself to be hard with other people. *And it is a foolish thing to throw away dirty water before we have got clean.* If you knew of some good berth that you could get, I should not blame you. But even if you had, you might find it turn out worse in the end than staying with me. '*A rolling stone gathers no moss.*'"

True; poor old world racked man; most true. You were a sound counsellor, and now I know it. And yet perhaps, and indeed *most* probably, if I had stayed with you I should never have become a Christian man. You counselled well: but the Great Invisible was there also, and He knew better. Be that as it may, your counsel as to this world's business was sage. Those who throw away or risk the humble certainty to obtain some certainty more alluring, are essentially gamblers. Everything that can be predicated of the ordinary money-gambler can be predicated of them. And the gambler's fortune will be their portion in the end.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE TURKISH BATH.

As there has been much talk lately about Turkish baths, and whether it is possible or desirable to bring them into common use in this country, and as we know that there are most erroneous notions prevalent with respect to their cost and comfort, a short account of a visit to one recently constructed at South Preston Cottage, North Shields, may possess some public interest. On a fine, clear, cold, rather frosty night, just as the moon was rising above the trees, robed in the bath dress, a loose flowing cape reaching to the knees, we were conducted by our host from the vinery (with its sashes open) into the outer bath apartment, where, seated upon low stools, with the thermometer at 85 degrees, we were soon in a most genial glow. Thus prepared, we entered the inner apartment. Seating ourselves a la Turk, on a low wooden bench, we waited in profound silence the moment when all our skin impurities should "melt, thaw, and resolve themselves into a dew." Soon a copious shower of perspiration ran from every pore. Our attendant commenced a brisk friction with hands and feet over the whole surface of the body, and produced a result that we confess we were not prepared for. Accustomed to daily use of the ordinary warm and cold baths, and the constant use of "flesh-gloves," we fancied that we had left little to be removed: but, under the skillful hands of our manipulator, we were soon divested of a rough coat of dead epidermis, that must have been a terrible obstacle to the delicate process of respiration, which nature intends to go on constantly over the whole surface of the body. Next we were rubbed from head to foot with soap, followed by a delicate stream of warm water poured over us, which produced a delightful glow of invigoration such as we have rarely experienced before. A sense of purity over the whole body, and a deep calm as of settled peace, fell upon us with all the freshness of a new birth. Next a bracing stream of cold water, and we stepped again into the first apartment. When the body had been rubbed perfectly dry, we were conducted into the vinery, where, reclining on a couch, every muscle in repose, we were exposed to a current of cold air, with the loins only girded. Yet, as we imbibed a cup of fragrant coffee, there was no feeling of chill; but one of perfect health and renewed energy vibrated through the body; while through the mind, sympathizing as ever with her earthly dwelling, passed rapid visions of all that was pleasant in the past or hopeful in the future; and we left the dwelling of our friend convinced that few of the blessings of modern civilization as auxiliaries to health, are to be compared to this English version of the Turkish bath.—*English Periodical.*

THE COURT DRESS.—Receiving a sudden command from royalty to dine at Osborne, with only a few hours' notice, he was going down in a drab waistcoat, not of the newest, but was stopped by a remonstrance on the necessity of a court dress. He had no other waistcoat, but suddenly recollecting that his valet, a foreigner, was a dandy, he exclaimed, "Oh, I dare say Nicholas has a fine waistcoat; I'll borrow it." And so he did.—*Life of Sir C. Napier.*

* Run:—a tract of pasturage. Thus, "a sheep run," "a cattle run."

† Warregals. Aboriginal name for *bush dogs.*

THE ELECTIONS.

CONNECTICUT.—The American and Republican majority for Governor is about 2,700. They have a large majority in the Legislature. A U. S. Senator is to be elected.

RHODE ISLAND.—The Union (American and Republican) ticket is successful, both for State officers and the Legislature. Returns from all but three towns stand as follows:—For Elisha Dyer, American Republican, 7,522; Elisha R. Potter, Democrat, 3,618. Dyer's majority, thus far, 3 904. The remainder of the Republican State ticket is elected by about the same average majority. The members elected to the General Assembly are all American Republicans except three.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.—CINCINNATI, April 6.—The municipal election held yesterday resulted in the success of the Anti-Lecompton ticket by 1,000 to 3,900 majority. Of the seventeen members of Council, thirteen Republicans were elected.

DUBUQUE, April 6.—The election yesterday passed off quietly. A. S. Hetherington, the People's candidate, was elected Mayor by 500 majority.

ST. LOUIS, April 6.—The entire Free State Democratic ticket is successful by an average majority of about 1,100 votes.

ST. LOUIS, April 6, evening.—The whole Free State ticket, headed by J. W. Gardenline for Mayor, was elected in Jefferson City, the capital, yesterday, by an average majority of 79.

DETROIT, April 6.—Partial returns from the town elections, held in the State yesterday, show large Republican gains.

PORTLAND, Me., April 6.—Jedediah Jewell, the Republican candidate for Mayor, has been elected by 200 majority.

ELMIRA, N. Y., April 6.—At the municipal election, which took place to day, F. Hall, the Republican candidate for Mayor, was elected.

MILWAUKIE, Wis., April 7.—At the charter election, held yesterday, the People's ticket was elected by about 1,000 majority.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 7.—The Democratic ticket was successful at the municipal election held yesterday. Seven Democrats, four Independent Democrats, three Americans, and five Republicans were elected. Thirteen persons were arrested for illegal voting.

MARYLAND.—At Annapolis, Md., the Americans have elected the Mayor and other officers.

ELOPEMENT.—Some western papers are making merry over the abduction of a young girl fifteen years of age, and marrying her against the consent of her father. The fun of the thing is that the adventurer is poor, the father wealthy, and refused his consent to the marriage of a daughter but little more than a child in years. What a treasure to a community is a discreet press inculcating such lessons of filial respect and affection!—*Nat. Int.*

We commend the above to the calm reflection of a number of our exchanges. The habit referred to is quite prevalent among a certain class of editors who chuckle over cases of elopement like the one quoted, as though there were something delightful in the enterprise of penniless adventurers and romantic school girls. The press must not expect people to respect it when editors degrade its functions and inflict an injury upon the moral tone of the rising generation. Young America is pert, froward, and presumptuous enough, in all conscience, without being encouraged and stimulated by those who should repress its heedless ardor. It is the fault of our country and of our age, that our youths are ungovernable and disobedient. There is too little restraint exercised over them. The lamentable absence of wholesome discipline is visible everywhere. But surely journalists ought not to applaud or encourage it.—*North American.*

SPIRITUALISM IN THE JURY BOX.—Jury boxes are often now-a-days filled with queer material. The second or third trial of a man named McCann, for murder, at Albany, has resulted in the disagreement of the jury and their discharge, after being out over sixty hours. From first to last, eleven obstinate men refused to fall in with the views of one Hiram Wilber, of Green Island. The Atlas and Argus says the following facts have been gathered from several members of the jury, who propose embodying them in a paper, and subscribing to them under oath:—That on the first ballot the jury stood eleven for conviction, and one for acquittal—Wilber; that, according to his own assertions, he is a spiritualist; that he has no belief in the existence of a God, a heaven or a hell, or punishment of any sort after this life; that he does not believe in the Bible, and considers that an oath on an almanac is just as binding as if sworn to that book; that he told the jury that if he could have been permitted to go to Green Island, and there consult with the spirits, he would have been able to decide whether McCann had murdered his wife, and whether he was insane at the time; and, finally, that he proposed to decide whether he should go for or against conviction by the toss of a penny, he or the constable to toss the penny, whichever the jury pleased.

BURIED ALIVE.—The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser has received the following from a subscriber:

Holland, (Erie Co.) March 15.—Messrs. Editors: I received a letter from a friend in Bellefontain, Wisconsin, dated 19th of Feb., from which I transcribe an extract:

"A very afflictive dispensation of Providence has taken place within twenty miles of this place. A Presbyterian minister, named Reed, was going to attend a meeting of the Presbytery. He stopped over night with another minister, at a private house. Mr. Reed was taken with a fit, in the night, and it was supposed he had died. The other minister being in a hurry to get to the meeting in season, had him buried the next day. On his return from the meeting, he left word at Oxford, that their minister was dead and buried. His friends went immediately to get his remains and bring them to Oxford, when, to their great sorrow, they discovered that he had been buried alive. The cover of the coffin was split and his shroud was completely torn off, and he was turned nearly on his face. He was a bachelor, and a very worthy man. His dreadful death is much lamented."

PIGEONS.—The [illegible]tica (N. Y.) Herald has the following note among its Jefferson county items. The instances of pigeons killed with rice in their crops at the North are more frequent than the Herald supposes:—"A pigeon was shot in Adams one day last week, which, on being opened, was found to contain *rice* in its crop. This would indicate that the fowl had flown from the point where this rice was obtained, within a very brief space of time, to leave the rice undigested. Probably, therefore, it has flown from the rice swamps of Georgia or South Carolina, within some twelve or fifteen hours. The rice could scarcely have been from any district where it grows wild, for there is none growing at this time of the year; it appears almost unquestionable that it must have been picked up, therefore, from some newly sown field away down South."

FRAUD IN COTTON.—The Providence Journal states that some southern planters are in the habit of sprinkling their cotton with *sand*, which not only increases the weight, but injures the machinery and deteriorates the fabric. A prominent Rhode Island manufacturer states that a lot of handsome cotton of high grade, which he lately opened, deposited nine pounds of sand per bale, under the picker. Besides this, there was, of course, sand that the picker could not take out, and which went, more or less, through the whole process of the manufacture, grating upon the delicate machinery, and roughening the threads of the fabric. What makes the matter worse, is the fact that it is very difficult to recover damages for such frauds, on account of the prejudice against manufacturers at the South.—*Exchange Paper.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERBUEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
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S. W. PEASE & CO., 28 West Sixth St., Cincinnati, O
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

VACCINATION WITH A MAGNETIZED NEEDLE.—Professor Roca states that since 1856, hundreds of children have been thus vaccinated, with scarcely any failures occurring. The point of the needle is well saturated with the magnetic fluid before practicing the vaccinations, which are then performed in the usual manner, a single magnetization serving for many vaccinations. It is quite surprising to observe the rapidity with which the vaccine virus is absorbed, when the needle is thus prepared.—*London Illustrated News, March* 14.

BANK ROBBERY.—BOSTON, April 8.—The Grafton Bank, at Grafton, in this State, was robbed yesterday, during the temporary absence of the Cashier and Teller, of $12,000, of which $7,000 were in one hundred dollar bills.

WASHINGTON, April 9.—The Mexican Minister expresses serious apprehensions of an invasion of Mexico by filibusters. The President has been informed that Walker is cooperating with Comonfort to reinstate the latter in power. It is reported that Mr. Buchanan has promised to interfere.

E. MITCHELL was convicted at Chester, S. C., recently, of stealing a slave, and sentenced to be hung on the 4th of June next.

☞ The classic poet, Homer, says,—

"A wise physician, skilled our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal."

Cicero declared that "By nothing are men brought so near the gods as by giving health to men."

☞ Among the political traditions of Russia is that terrible epigram which affirms that a Czar always walks between his father's murderers and his own.

☞ It was Dean Swift who proposed as the eleventh commandment—"Mind your own business."

☞ The heart may be torn to pieces, whilst the soul stands unshaken.—*Napoleon.*

☞ That man has fallen into a pitiable state of moral sickness, in whose eyes *the good opinion of his fellow-men is the test of merit, and their applause the principal reward for exertion.*—*Arthur Helps.*

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The Flour market continues inactive, and prices about the same. There is very little export demand, and only about 1500 bbls Penna and Ohio extra have found buyers, part at $4.60 ℔ bbl, and part at a price not made public. Standard brands are held at $4.37½, but there is very little inquiry for this description. Wheat is comparatively scarce; the sales for home consumption are moderate, within the range of $4,75 for common to choice brands and extra, and $5a6 ℔ bbl for extra family and fancy lots, as to quality. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are scarce and wanted at $3,25; a sale of 200 bbls of the former was made at that figure.

GRAIN.—The demand for Wheat continues limited, but prices are unchanged. Sales of 500 bush good red at 108a110c ℔ bush; 500 bush fair white at 1,17c, and 400 bush good at 128a130c. Rye is taken as fast as it arrives at 70c. Corn is more abundant and prices are unsettled. Sales 700 bush yellow, afloat, at 73a75c, closing at the former rate; 1500 bush white, afloat, at 72a73c, and 400 bush yellow, in store, at 70c. Oats are more abundant and not so active. Sales 4000 bush Delaware at 38 a 40c, and 1600 bush Penna at 40c ℔ bush.

PROVISIONS—The receipts and stocks continue light for the season, and the market has been more active at a further advance; some 800 bbls Pork having changed hands at $17,25a17,50, mostly cash, how held higher. Beef is steady, with small sales of mess at $15a17 ℔ bbl, the latter for city packed for ship stores. Of Bacon the sales have been moderate, part to go South, at 11½a12c for plain and fancy Hams; 7½a8c for Sides. Green meats have been selling more freely, and prices close with an upward tendency; the sales include some 700 casks at 9½a10c for Hams, in salt and pickle; 7a7½c for Shoulders, 9a9½c Sides, as in quality, cash and short time. Lard is scarce and wanted at an advance, with small receipts and sales at 10½a10¾c for bbls and tierces, and 11½a12c for kegs; country packed is worth 9½a10c. Butter is dull, and roll sells slowly at 14a15c; solid is steady, with moderate sales at 12a14c, the latter for prime. Cheese is unchanged, with limited sales.

COTTON—The foreign news has imparted more firmness to the market, and holders have since been demanding ½c@ advance on former quotations, which has had a tendency to check the demand, and the sales only foot up about 700 bales, chiefly Uplands, at from 12a13c for low grade to middling fair quality, cash and time. The receipts and stocks are light.

BARK—The receipts of Quercitron Bark continue very light, and the demand has fallen off. Sales of 200 bbds No 1 at $35 ℔ ton, and one lot at $37. No sales of Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX—Small sales of Yellow at 28½a29c ℔ lb, cash.

COAL—The market for this staple continues depressed and dull; orders come in slowly, and the demand, both for shipment and home use, is limited at the late decline.

FEATHERS—Come in slowly, and sales are making in small lots at 42a45c ℔ lb.

FRUIT—Domestic Fruit is scarce, but Dried Apples sell slowly at 6¼a6¾c. Peaches are wanted at 12a14c for unpared, and but few offering.

HIDES—Are held firmly. Sales of 8000 Caracas and Porto Cabello at 19½a21c, and some green New Orleans at 7½c. A lot of Cawapore Goat Skins sold at 28c.

HEMP—Has been very quiet, there being very little stock here to operate in.

HOPS—Have been in steady demand, with further sales of first sort Eastern and Western at 7a 11c ℔ lb.

IRON—The market for Pig Iron continues firm, but the demand has been limited, and only 4a500 tons have been disposed of at $21a22 for No. 1, $20 for No. 2, and $19 cash, for *No. 3*. The 6 months' rates are about $3 ℔ ton above these figures. A sale of 50 tons Charcoal Blooms at $70 ℔ ton, 6 mos. Northern are worth $42a43. Prices of Bar and Boiler Iron remain without change.

LEAD—The stock of Pig Lead is extremely small, and no sales have come under our notice.

LEATHER—There has been a steady inquiry for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter, and prices are still maintained.

LUMBER—There has been more inquiry for some descriptions, but without change in prices. Sales of Southern Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $13a16 ℔ M. feet.

TALLOW—There is but little offering. Small sales of City Rendered at 11½c ℔ pound, cash.

TOBACCO—Prices are steady for both Leaf and Manufactured, but there has been very little demand for the former. Cubs ℔ 20a40c; Kentucky 7a16c; Do Maysville 9a14c; Ohio 5a9c; Maryland 5a8c; Virginia 5a8c, Penna Seed Leaf 10a23c; Conn Seed Leaf 10a22c.

WOOL—There has been rather more inquiry, in consequence of the resumption of Eastern manufactories, but the supply on hand is fully adequate for the demand, and prices have undergone no perceptible change. Sales of 130,000 lbs, from 20 up to 42½c ℔ lb for pulled and fine.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

April 10.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour quiet; sales of 4500 bbls at $4.25a4.30 for State, and $4.65a 4.80 for Ohio, a decline of 5c on each. Wheat firm; sales of 4000 bus. Corn dull; 1200 bus sold at 73a 75c for White, and 75c for Yellow. Mess Pork 15s lower, at $17.50. Lard dull at 10½a10¾c. Whiskey dull at 21½c.

REV. THEODORE PARKER has asked that his salary be reduced, but his congregation have unanimously voted that it should not be done. The last was almost as remarkable a fact as the first.

NEWS FROM VIRGINIA.

MADISON, C. H., Va., Oct. 21, 1856.

Dr. C. M. Jackson. Dear Sir:—I take pleasure in adding one certificate to your list, and recommending Hoofland's German Bitters to all who may be afflicted with Dyspepsia or Piles. I had been afflicted some four or five months with Dyspepsia, when I commenced taking the Bitters, and they effected a perfect cure. I had also severe pain in my stomach, attended with Piles. I have never had an attack of the same nature since I was cured by the Bitters, and I very cheerfully recommend them to all who may be similarly afflicted.

H. CARVER, *late P. M.*

Witness—Jas M. Floyd.

Ask for *Hoofland's German Bitters.* It is sold by druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, West Indies and South America, at 75 cents per bottle.

BRONCHITIS.

The usual symptoms of this disease are Cough, Soreness of the Lungs or Throat, Hoarseness, Difficulty of Breathing, Hectic Fever, a spitting of Phlegm or Matter, and sometimes Blood. It is an inflammation of the fine skin which lines the inside of the whole of the Wind Tubes or Air Vessels which run through every part of the Lungs. Jayne's Expectorant immediately suppresses the Cough, Pain, Inflammation, Fever and difficulty of Breathing; produces a free and easy expectoration, and *effects a speedy cure.*

Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, and for sale by their agents throughout the country. mar27-4t

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TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired Gentleman having been restored to health in a few days, after many years of nervous suffering, will send (free) to assist others, a copy of the prescription and a supply of the remedy, on receiving a stamped envelope bearing the applicant's address. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, 186 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. ap17-8t

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BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPHIC PAINTINGS, By COOK,

At the Root Gallery, corner of Chestnut and Fifth.

THE GREATEST REMEDY of the day is unquestionably PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER, for the instant relief of all pains, scalds, bruises, &c., and for pains in the stomach and bowels; it is used with encouraging success in sudden attacks of cholera and cholera morbus. Sold by druggists and grocers.

MANY WHO SUFFER FROM HEADACHE AND NERVOUS DEBILITY are not aware that the real cause, in most instances, is a deranged state of the stomach and digestive functions. The Oxygenated Bitters are peculiarly adapted to the cure of these symptoms.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ℔	12 a14	Leg, Loin, Chp ℔	9 a12
Sirloin steak	14 a16	Breast and Neck	6a 8
Rump do	16 a12	Young Lamb, whole	$3a3½
Chuck pieces	8 a11	Whole carcass	8 a 9
Plates and navels		*Veal.*	
Corned	8 a10	Fore quarter ℔	8
Tongues, fresh	65 a75	Hind do	10
Leg, each	31a37½	Chop	12a
Shin	25 a50	Cutlet	12½
Kidney	8 a12½	Sweetbread each	10
Liver ℔ lb	6 a 9	*Pork.*	
Dried Beef ℔ lb	14 a16	Young Pigs	$1 75 a2 00
Lamb.		Salt and fresh lb	10 a 12
Fore quarter	75 a87½	Feet ℔ set	12½a 25
Hind do	1 00 at 12½	Tripe ℔ lb	4 a 8
Chop ℔ lb	10 a12	Lard do	10 a 13
Calves Head each	20 a25	Hams, sliced	15 a 18
		Bologna sausages	16 a 20

VEGETABLES.

Turnips bus	62	S't Pot's ℔ bus	$1 50a1 75
Beets bunch	4 a 5	do do ℔ lb	6a 8
Cabbage bbl	1 75	Com Pot's bus	90 a1 00
do h'd	3 a 10	Onions bus	90
Carrots doz	10		

FRUIT.

Apples ℔ bkt	62½a 87½	Cranberries qt	12 a 16
do bf pk	12½a 25		

POULTRY AND GAME.

Turkeys ℔ lb	12 a 14	Chickens ℔ lb	10 a 12½
Spring Chickens ℔ pair	— a 37	Pheasants	$2 00 a2 50
Chickens ℔ pair	75 a1 25	Sqh Pig'ns pair	25 a 37
		Frogs doz	25 a 50

SHELLFISH.

Ter'pin (South) doz	$6 00 a8 00	Oysters, Absecom ℔ bbl	63 a 75
do (Ches & Del)	5 00 a6 00	℔ M	$16 00 a20 00
Lobsters lb	8 a 10	M Rar Cove M	17 00 a25 00
Clams M	2 00 a2 50	N Y do ℔ bbl	12 00 a20 00

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter lb	20 a 25	Mackerel	10
Roll do	20 a 24	Dry Cod	4 a 5
Eggs doz	13 a 20	Sm'kd Herring bunch	4
Lard	5 a 8	Honey lb	20 a 25
Fresh Shad	31 a 40	Smearcase cake	2 a
Salt Shad lb	11		

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER No. 333 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct		
" "	'82 —	—
" "	'67 114	—
" "	'68 114½	—
" "	'85 102	—
Phila 6 pr ct	93½	93¾
" " new	99½	100
" 5 "	80	—
Cam City 6 pr ct	89¼	90
Pitts 6 pr ct	50	—
" coupon		
All'gy City 6 pr ct	—	—
" County "	—	—
All'gy co R R 6's	45	60
Penn		
" 5 "	87	87½
" 5 coupon	90	90¾
Tenn 6 pr ct	89¼	89½
Kentucky 6 pr ct	102	103
Missouri 6's	82¾	82¾
Penn R R 6 pr ct	93½	94
2d m'rt Penn '63	85	85¼
C & Am R R 6 pr ct	74	75
P G & N R R "	90	—
Reading R R "	72	73
" " m'rt "	88	—
" " 6 pr ct '86	60	61
Lehigh Val 6's	78½	80
Ches Val R R "	90	93
Tioga R R "	80	—
Phil Wil & Bal '70 R R 6 pr ct	85	85½
Long I R R "	71½	72
Sch Nav '82 "	58	60
Lehigh Nav "	94	94½
Mort "	95	96
C & D C "	15	17
Sus & Tid '78 "	45	50
Union Canal	35	39
Will'ms & Elmira 1st m'rt 7 pr ct	66	67
2d " 7 pr ct	50	53½
Catawissa "	40	42½
North Pa 6 pr ct	53½	54
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	95	96
Penna	42½	43½
Bea Meadow	52½	53
North Penna	10	10½
Phil Ger & Nor	51½	52
Reading	23½	23½
Minehill	50	50½
Har & Lan	54½	55
Ches Val	3½	5
Tioga	—	—
" preferred	—	—
P W & Balt	29	30
Long Island	11½	11½
Will'sport & Elm	12½	12½
Catawissa	7	7½
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	8	9½
" preferred	15½	16
Lehigh Nav	51½	52
Morris Consol'd	46½	48
" preferred	96½	96¾
C & Del	41	45
Union	4	6
Sus & Tidewater	—	7
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	130	132½
Phila	112	112½
Far & Mec	58½	60
Commercial	45	49
N Liberty	56½	58½
Mechanics	28½	—
Southwark	65	—
P Township	35	35½
Kensington	57	—
Girard	104	103
Western	58½	61
Man & Mech	25½	25½
Commerce	61	63
Tradesman's	—	—
City	44	45
Consolidation	24	24½
Commonwealth	20	21
Corn Exchange	—	—
Pittsburg	56	61
M & M Pitts	53	60
Ex'ge Pitts	51	—
Kentucky	112	—
Northern Ky	115	117
Louisville, Ky	112	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	94	96
Plant's, Tenn	93	98
Com & R Vick	—	—
N O Gas Lt	130	—

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, April 10, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Solvent banks	1½ dis
Relief Notes	½ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
NEW JERSEY.		Solvent banks	1½ dis
Solvent bks par to	½ dis	ALABAMA.	
DELAWARE.		Solvent banks	1 to 5 dis
Solvent bks par to	½ dis	MISSISSIPPI.	
MARYLAND.		All banks	uncertain
Baltimore	½ dis	LOUISIANA.	
Solvent banks	½ to ¾ dis	Solvent banks	2½ dis
NEW YORK.		OHIO.	
Solvent bks par to	½ dis	Solvent banks	1½ dis
MAINE.		KENTUCKY.	
Solvent banks		Solvent banks	1½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		INDIANA.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	State bank	1½ dis
VERMONT.		ILLINOIS.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
CONNECTICUT.		MISSOURI.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Solvent banks	1½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		TENNESSEE.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Old banks	4 dis
RHODE ISLAND.		MICHIGAN.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
VIRGINIA.		WISCONSIN.	
Solvent banks	2 dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.		TEXAS.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	20 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.			
Solvent banks	5½ dis		
CANADA.			
Solvent banks	1 dis		

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 25th of March, by the Rev. Elias Jackson, of the Memphis Annual Conference, THEOPHILUS K. SMITHWICK, M. D. to Miss SUSAN J. daughter of Dr. Jesse Harris, all of Caycville, Tenn.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. CHARLES B. ACKS, to Miss ANNIE M. PAUL, all of Philadelphia.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. J. P. Berg, JOHN CONNER, of Radnor township, Del. county, to MARTHA B. RAMSEY, of Lower Merion, Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. A. T. Cookman, Capt. GEORGE W. SMITH, to Miss MARY E. RUSLING, daughter of the late Rev. Jos. Rusling, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. S. Dunbarrow, Mr. JOHN HARRISON, to Mrs. MARY BURWELL, of Kingsessing.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. F. T. Chilhopper, Mr. JOHN QUICK, Jr. to Miss ANNIE M. GRIFFIN, all of Camden, N. J.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. B. Griffith, Mr. HORATIO G. SHIPPS, to MARY S. LIPPINCOTT, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. JOHN MACBETH, to Miss MARGARET HALL, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, MARY A. HEATON, aged 69.

On the 5th instant, Mr. CORNELIUS GARY, aged 35 years.

On the 6th instant, CHRISTOPHER THOMPSON, aged 65 years.

On the 5th instant, JAMES FOSTER, aged 59.

On the 6th instant, GEORGE TAYLOR, aged 38.

On the 5th instant, ANN FRANCES, wife of D. C. Enos.

On the 5th instant, JOHN S. KULP, aged 61.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. ANN TRYON, daughter of John Bolton, aged 24 years.

On the 2d instant, SARAH E. RANDALL, wife of Benj. B. Wiley, aged 26 years.

On the 3d instant, SARAH KERR, aged 55 years.

On the 3d instant, Miss CAROLINE F. MENEES, aged 23 years.

On the 3d instant, SAMUEL, son of Wm. Longwell, aged 25 years.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. JULIA A. STRIDMAN, aged 71 years.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. JULIA LELLY, aged 48.

On the 2d instant, ELISABETH WILEY, aged 58.

On the 5th instant, CATHARINE, wife of R. Dixon, aged 38 years.

SIXTEEN YEARS IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS AND EXPLORATIONS IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA; from the English Edition. The American Edition is now ready for Canvassers and Agents. The book is having a very large sale, some Agents ordering 1,000 copies at a single order. The largest commission paid to active Agents.

Specimen copies sent by mail on receipt of the price, $1,25. J. W. BRADLEY, Publisher, 48 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

CAUTION.

The attention of the Publisher has been called to spurious editions of this work, put forth as "Narratives of Dr. Livingstone's Travels in Africa." Ours is the only cheap American Edition of this great work published, and contains all the important matter of the English Edition which is sold at $5; for the truth of this assertion, we refer to the following notices from some of the most respectable journals in the country:

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

With truth we can say, that seldom is presented to the reading public, a work containing such a vast amount of solid instruction as the one in question. The volume is handsomely illustrated, and presents that *unique* appearance of exterior for which Mr. Bradley's publications are noted.—*Family Magazine.*

In this volume we have presented to us the whole of Dr. Livingstone's Travels, omitting only scientific details.—*Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS.—Nothing of real importance is omitted. The general reader will prefer this to the English edition, especially as the cost is so trifling.—*Penna. Inquirer.*

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS AND RESEARCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA appear to great advantage in this edition, which is undoubtedly the edition most acceptable to the reader who reads for practical instruction and amusement.—*Saturday Post.*

It is a rich and valuable book for the general reader, and the admirable style in which the publisher has issued it will commend it to the favor of thousands.—*Christian Observer.*

We cannot name thirty-two chapters which are likely to beguile time and enlarge the scope of reflection more pleasantly, and at the same time more satisfactorily than these Livingstone adventures.

A special value is given to this volume, by the addition of "Historical Notices of Discoveries in Africa," and taken altogether it would be difficult to name any publication which more completely meets the popular taste of our time for reading matter which is strange, new, the scene laid in far off countries, which touches the feelings and increases our stock of useful knowledge.—*New Yorker.*

It tells the whole story, leaving out digressions and episodes.—*Legal Intelligencer.* ap17-tf

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CARD ENGRAVING.—Visiting, Invitation, Wedding and other Cards, executed promptly and in the best manner, at moderate prices, and sent by mail, express or otherwise, to all parts of the United States. Address V. B. PALMER, *Advertising Agent, Fifth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia,* whose arrangements enable him to guarantee *superior work.* Those who prefer it, may inclose samples of styles to be followed.

☞ Also Heraldic Engraving, Crests, Coats of Arms, &c., and Engraving generally. 1t

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☞ SEE H. B. CARTER & CO.'S ADVERTISEMENT, in another column. mh20-6t

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Is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.

A WORLD'S FAIR MEDAL and FOUR FIRST PREMIUM SILVER MEDALS have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the Druggists and country storekeepers generally, and by the manufacturer, mh6-tf THOMAS J. HUSBAND, Philada.

SAVE YOUR HORSES.

"We take great pleasure in recommending the MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT as a valuable and indispensable article for Sprains, Sores, Scratches or Galls on Horses. Our men have used it for severe Burns, Bruises, Sores, Stiff Joints and Rheumatic Pains, and all say it acts like magic. We use no other Liniment.

"J. W. HEWITT,
"Foreman for American, Harnden's and "Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express"

"Gentlemen:—I had a negro man worth $1,200, who took cold from a bad hurt, and was useless for over one year; I had used everything I could hear of without benefit, until I tried the MUSTANG LINIMENT. It has perfectly cured him, and I can now take the above price for him.

"Respectfully yours,
"JAMES DORRANCE."

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Double column Advertisements—One dollar a line for every insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

Just Published, April 15th.

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Whether it is regarded as a collection of literary gems, or as a series of striking thoughts on Christianity and its related themes, the book will not suffer by comparison with the most famous of similar compilations in the language.

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In One Volume, 12mo. 300pp. Price, $1,00. *With a copious Analytical Index.*

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WANTED, by a lady thoroughly competent to teach Arithmetic and English branches generally, a situation in an Academy situated in the country or in a country town, where instruction in music or the languages would be considered a compensation for services rendered. Some of the highest educational reference in the State given. Address Miss C. HART, Media, ap17-3t Delaware Co., Pa.

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THE LIFE OF DR. E. K. KANE and other distinguished American Explorers. By Samuel M. Smucker, A. M., with fine steel portrait of Dr. Kane, just published. Agents wanted in every town in the United States, to whom the largest commission will be paid. Specimen copies sent by mail, on receipt of the price, $1,00.

J. W. BRADLEY, Publisher, 48 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia, mh6-tf Pennsylvania.

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$50 a Month, and all Expenses Paid.

AN AGENT IS WANTED in every Town and County in the United States, to engage in a respectable and easy business, by which the above profits may be certainly realized. For full particulars address H. MONNETT & CO. corner of Broome and Mercer Streets, New York City, inclosing one postage stamp. ap3-4

BOOK AGENTS!

WANTED, to sell RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, at LOW PRICES, WITH INTERESTING CONTENTS, and *Superbly Colored Plates.* For circulars, with full particulars, apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, 102 Nassau St., N. Y.; if you live West, the same, 111 Main St., Cincinnati. mh15-tf

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OLD GOLD PENS REPOINTED. Price 50 Cents. Inclose the Pen in a letter with cash or postage stamps; it will soon be returned as good as new.

I have in my possession over a thousand letters, like the one below, which have come to me unsolicited:—

Rochester, Feb. 14, 1856.

Dear Sir:—Yours with Pen came to hand in due time. The Pen is all right. I like it much better than before. Your ob't serv't,

W. J. STODDARD.

Address D. ELLIOTT, feb6-20t Syracuse, New York.

FRIENDS OF IDIOTS, IMBECILES and FOOLISH CHILDREN, procure Circulars, gratis, of DR. BROWN, Barre, Mass. ap17-4t

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1,000 AGENTS WANTED. Send stamps for particulars. ap17-4t C. P. WHITTIER, Lowell, Mass.

EMPLOYMENT CAN BE HAD AT $100 Per Month. Inclose stamp, and address mh27-4t MYRICK & CO., Lynn, Mass.

REMOVAL.—JACOB LADOMUS respectfully informs his friends, customers, and public in general, that he has Removed his WATCH and JEWELRY ESTABLISHMENT from No. 1113 Market to No. 618 MARKET St., corner of Decatur, where he will keep on hand a larger assortment of WATCHES, JEWELRY and SILVER WARE than heretofore, and which he will sell on the most reasonable terms. Also, particular attention given to Repairing of all kinds of Watches, Clocks and Mus

CONGRESSIONAL.

BILL TO PROTECT LIFE AND PROPERTY IN WASHINGTON.

THE HOUSE ADHERES TO THE CRITTENDEN AMENDMENT.

DEFICIENCY BILL DEFEATED AND THEN PASSED.

SLIDELL'S SPEECH.

SENATE.

On the 5th, Mr. Bright, of Indiana, moved that the President be requested to send to the Senate a copy of the instructions to our Commissioner to China, William B. Reed. Agreed to.

Mr Brown, of Mississippi, brought up his Police Bill for the better protection of the lives and property of the citizens of Washington. The bill provides for a patrol of a hundred men, and other stringent regulations.

The accompanying Report of the Committee on the District of Columbia expressed in the strongest terms the state of bloodshed and riot which prevails in the city, and throws on Congress the responsibility of maintaining order.

A discussion ensued, in which Mr. Seward described it as a "reign of terror."

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, said that every one knows that no man's life is safe in the city, even to the most public street, Pennsylvania Avenue. We must provide a reform, or we will drive the community to a worse alternative, which no one can regard without shuddering.

Mr. Fessenden, of Maine, attributed a part of the rowdyism to the bad example of men in very high places, and partly to the incompetency of the Judges.

Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, said he would vote for the bill, but he commented severely on the condition of affairs, and said this state of things is the legitimate fruit of the action of Judge Crawford, two years since, when a man was murdered by a member of the House of Representatives.

The debate on the bill was continued for four hours. At one time the discussion assumed a party tendency, but every speaker, without exception, conceded that Washington was, at present, unsafe for either life or property.

Mr. Crittenden moved that the appointments be vested in the Chief Judge of the District Court. Lost.

Mr. Wilson moved to strike out section 5, which gives the President power to call out two hundred extra men on an emergency.

After a discussion, the amendment was finally withdrawn by Mr. Wilson.

Mr. Benjamin, of Louisiana, subsequently renewed the amendment, and it was voted on and lost.

Afterwards Mr. Stuart renewed the amendment, and it was carried, and the clause was stricken out—yeas 24, nays 21.

Mr. Johnson, of Arkansas, moved that the bill be sent back to the Committee, with instructions to report at the earliest opportunity, whether the District shall be retroceded to Maryland, Congress reserving the public buildings.

Mr. Hale moved to amend by striking out the reservation of the public buildings. Both the amendment and the motion was lost.

Mr. Douglas, from the Committee on Territories, reported a bill for the admission of Oregon into the Union. Adjourned.

On the 6th, Mr. Slidell, of Louisiana, said that he had filed with the Secretary, on Friday last, a written declaration that he intended to reconsider his vote disagreeing with the amendments of the House to the Kansas Bill, which yesterday and to-day he renewed verbally without taking action, and claimed his right to keep back the bill for three days for that purpose.

Mr. Stuart, of Michigan, moved to enforce the order of the Senate, no single Senator having the power to thus obstruct the public business.

Mr. Slidell referred to the rule and insisted on his right.

Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, explained the custom in such cases, expressing the opinion that it must be left to the discretion of the officer.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, would not recognize it as right, whatever it may be as a matter of courtesy.

Much skillful parliamentary fencing ensued, in which Messrs. Bright, of Indiana, Crittenden, of Kentucky, and Seward, of New York, expressed their views, in favor of and against the interpretation of the rule in the manual, under which Mr. Slidell claimed, not as a courtesy, but as a right, a retention of the non concurrence in the Kansas Bill as amended by the House, to reconsider his vote.

The presiding officer, Mr. Fitzpatrick, assumed the responsibility of a decision in favor of the right.

Mr. Crittenden and other Senators testified that they had never known a previous instance. Finally, the matter was laid on the table without action, which answered the purpose of the mover and the friends of the Administration.

The bill for the admission of Minnesota came up by special order.

Previous to its discussion, Mr. Fitch read an extract from the Washington Globe, confirmatory of the words exchanged between himself and Mr. Douglas yesterday, implying a lukewarmness in Mr. Douglas with regard to Minnesota.

Mr. Douglas warmly replied, asserting his zeal in the cause of Minnesota.

In the discussion of this matter of trifling import flat contradictions were interchanged.

Mr. Green, of Missouri, confirmed the remarks of Mr. Douglas, and the subject was dropped.

Mr. Kennedy, of Maryland, explained that he would vote against the bill because the Constitution was decidedly at variance with the Constitution of the United States, and diametrically opposed to the principles of the party he represents. He contended that alien suffrage and squatter sovereignty must be repudiated, and made, altogether, a strong Know-Nothing speech.

Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, replied, arguing the right of the States to fix the qualifications of their own voters, independent of Federal naturalization. Adjourned.

On the 7th, after some unimportant business, a lengthened discussion ensued on the Committee on Printing's adverse report against printing the eulogies delivered in the United States Senate on the recently deceased Senators, Bell, Butler and Rusk.

Mr. Cameron, of Pennsylvania, said, on behalf of the Committee, that all picture books will be rejected in the future. From $30,000 to $40,000 had already been saved by the Committee from economy in this department.

Finally, Mr. Houston's motion to print was agreed to.

The bill to admit Minnesota into the Union was then taken up.

The amendments were concurred in, and the bill was read the third time.

Mr. Wilson, of Mass., called for the yeas and nays.

Previous to the calling of the roll, Messrs. Bell, of Tennessee, Houston, Brown, Johnson, of Tennessee, Crittenden, of Kentucky, Stuart, of Michigan, and Wilson, made brief remarks on the clause of the Constitution permitting an alien to vote.

On the final vote that the bill pass, the yeas were 48 and nays 3, as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Allen, Bates, Bell, Biggs, Bigler, Bright, Broderick, Brown, Cameron, Chandler, Clark, Collamer, Crittenden, Dixon, Douglas, Doolittle, Durkee, Evans, Fitch, Fitzpatrick, Foster, Green, Gwin, Hale, Hamlin, Hammond, Harlan, Houston, Hunter, Jones, Johnson, Ark., Johnson, Tenn., King, Mallory, Mason, Polk, Pugh, Sebastian, Seward, Simmons, Slidell, Stuart, Sumner, Thompson, N. J., Toombs, Trumbull, Wade, Wilson, and Wright—48.

Nays—Messrs. Clay, Kennedy and Yulee—3

Absentees—Messrs. Bayard, Benjamin, Davis, Fessenden, Foot, Henderson, Iverson, Pearce, Reid, Thompson, Ky.—10.

The Senate then went into Executive Session, and subsequently adjourned.

On the 8th, a discursive debate took place on the expenses attending the printing of picture books, in connection with exploring expeditions, Lieutenant Maury's being especially under discussion.

The discussion was terminated by Mr. Johnson, of Arkansas, moving to amend the bill approved August, 1852, and setting apart Thursday next for its discussion, saying that if the amended bill is passed, it will put a stop to the abuses so justly complained of.

Mr. Gwin, of California, reported a bill for the conveyance of the mails, troops and stores, from the Missouri river to California by railroad, and recapitulated the provisions of each section, urging immediate action. He quoted the statistics of the various routes, adding that the contractors would locate the route between the termini.

Mr. Broderick, of California, agreed with his colleague, urging immediate action. He said that if the thirty-second parallel was selected, it would cost more to build the line north to San Francisco than from Salt Lake. Three-fourths of the population live to the north.

The Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation Bill was passed, with verbal amendments.

The Naval Restoration Bill was also passed.

Mr. Douglas reported, from the Committee on Territories, the Arizona Admission Bill, with an amendment.

Various bills, relative to the District of Columbia, were considered, and advanced a stage towards passage. The President has approved the bill to acquire land for the aqueduct.

Mr. Slidell, of Louisiana, on the Senate taking up by consent the resolution proposing to bestow a medal on Commodore Paulding, made it the text for reading a carefully prepared speech, having a disguised yet palpable bearing on the future of Central America and Cuba. The general scope of his remarks was against private and in favor of national filibustering. Medals, he said, were usually given for "gallant services," but there was nothing gallant or judicious in Com. Paulding's exploits. He reviewed minutely the events in Gov. Walker's career, passing from the Sonora *fiasco* to that of Nicaragua, where, through the farce of a popular election, supported by the bayonet, he obtained the power, and had an opportunity to exhibit his statesmanship, yet his administration was a succession of acts of rapine and bloodshed. The earliest act was to confiscate the property of the American company and others, and its partition among his followers, and since, that has been bolstered up by the persons who want to support their titles to the spoils. Gen. Walker's men claim for him no other attribute than that of personal bravery—the attribute of all our people. In the higher qualities of soldier and statesmanship, he had with him many who were his superiors. In times of difficulty and danger all looked to General Henningsen, who became the head and General Walker but the hand. Commodore Paulding was wrong to act as he did. Gen. Walker had but 150 men, who were under the guns of the fleet; his supplies were cut off. The Nicaraguans would not have assisted him. The Nicaraguans did not apply to Com. Paulding, although they had time to do so, showing that they meant to deal with Walker themselves. Gen. Walker, in a short time, would have been glad to seek the protection of the flag he had renounced; and had he then returned to the United States, he would not have excited a false sympathy, nor would have wandered about, railing at the Administration, but would have finally settled down to an honest living. No sooner had he set foot on his native land than he sets on foot new machinations, assuming the character of an injured man. Mr. Slidell quoted Gen. Walker's letter to the Secretary of the Interior, and also other authorities, to show that the steamer Fashion might have been seized at sea, and conveyed to Mobile. Mr. Slidell said that he might incur reproach for this course, from persons sympathizing with Walker's projects, but duty demanded the statement. He spoke only of Gen. Walker since he undertook the regeneration of Central America, for he understood that personally he is of good education, fair intelligence, and of gentlemanly habits. Mr. Slidell proceeded to glance at instances of national filibustering, instancing the Spanish Carlist war, (when Gen. De Lacy Evans and other English officers and Parliament men, commanded the British legion,) the Portuguese civil war, and the great war of Independence. The pith of his speech was in the conclusion. Although he admitted it was a dangerous power, he would confer on the President the privilege of suspending the neutrality laws during the recess of Congress. The Cubans, although mostly favorable to peaceful annexation, are not prepared to incur the risks of civil war to accomplish it. Nothing, therefore, could be done there at present, except by negotiation; but if Spain attempts to impose the despotism of Santa Anna on Mexico, it might become the duty of the United States to intervene. These were his own opinions, without consultation with any member of the Administration.

[The speech, though highly interesting, was but imperfectly heard by the Reporters, owing to the noise in the galleries, suggesting the idea that the spectators failed to perceive its importance as foreshadowing the Administration policy.]

The subject was placed on the calender for the next day. Adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 5th, the House took up the Senate's amendments to the Volunteer Bill.

Mr. Quitman, said he preferred the original number of regiments, four, but as the troops ought to move immediately, he would consent to the reduction to two.

Mr. Hughes, of Indiana, suggested that as Texas was to have a full regiment, New Mexico ought also to have the opportunity to raise a regiment for its own defence.

Mr. Otero, of New Mexico, acquiesced in the view, arguing that it was particularly requisite, because the regulars stationed in the territory were being removed and despatched to Utah.

The House concurred in all the Senate's amendments, which leave it discretionary to the President to accept the services of one mounted regiment of volunteers for the defence of the Texas frontier, and two regiments for the protection of supply and immigrant trains, and the suppression of Indian hostilities.

This was agreed to by 11 majority.

On motion of Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, a resolution was adopted calling on the Secretary of War to furnish the full accounts respecting all contracts for supplies for the Utah expedition.

Mr. Goode, of Virginia, reported a bill for the better protection of life and property in the city of Washington. The bill provides for a strong police force, and appropriates $100,000 to carry the act into effect. Mr. Goode urged the immediate passage of the bill, in view of the scenes of violence, robbery and murder which are now daily enacted.

Mr. Colfax, of Indiana, asked whether Mr. Goode could give the guarantee that the police be appointed will not be of a partisan character. He wanted no additional force of such a nature; they had one already.

Mr. Goode wanted neither politics nor religion mixed in this important question.

Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, thought that Washington should pay its own police expenses.

Mr. Leiter, of Ohio, urged a postponement of the subject.

Mr. Goode wanted to know how many murders were to be perpetrated in the meantime.

Mr. Leiter replied not more than one and a half a day. Such has been the average.

Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, said the greatest performance intended for the guard was to catch negroes, or surprise them at church. For one, he was opposed to passing a bill for the protection of slavery and kidnapping in this city.

Mr. Kilgore, of Indiana, had a compromise in which all could agree—i. e., to remove the capital to Indiana, and the people there would protect themselves without calling on the Government.

Mr. Morris, of Illinois, moved to lay the subject on the table.

Negatived, only 32 members voting in the affirmative.

A motion was adopted to refer the bill to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, to be considered after the Deficiency Bill has been disposed of. Adjourned.

On the 6th, the House went into Committee of the Whole and resumed the consideration of the Deficiency Appropriation Bill. The debate was strictly confined to this measure.

While several members showed the necessity of the passage of the bill, including the heavy items for the Utah expedition, others earnestly condemned incurring any debts to be discharged by appropriations to supply deficiencies.

Mr. Seward, of Georgia, did not think there was a necessity for getting into a difficulty with Brigham Young. The whole of the army operations are carried out in a too magnificent scale. He would have a law passed prohibiting army officers from coming here, unless for special reasons. This is the central point whence emanates schemes of extravagance.

Mr. Taylor, of Louisiana, said nothing had occurred to justify the President to act in such hot haste in sending an army to Utah.

Mr. Burnett, of Kentucky, said: There is a growing disposition in the Executive Department to absorb the powers of legislation, and it was time this was checked.

Mr. Tappan, of New Hampshire, condemned the appropriation for the Utah expedition, and would not endorse the Executive usurpation in making war without the co-operation of Congress. He went into a calculation to show that the transportation of each barrel of flour from Fort Leavenworth to Utah costs *one hundred dollars*.

On the 7th, Mr. Otero, of New Mexico, introduced a bill for the construction of a wagon and emigrant road in New Mexico.

The House went into Committee of the Whole, and resumed the consideration of the Deficiency Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Letcher, of Virginia, said that the Committee of Ways and Means were placed in an embarrassing position. They had been fired on from the Democratic side of the House against all the provisions of the bill, and by others against particular provisions. But all seemed to concur in the conclusion that unless the bill, in every provision, can be made acceptable to them, they are prepared to vote it down, and leave the Government without the means of carrying out the policy which it has inaugurated.

He showed that the three millions asked for in anticipation of the regular appropriation, would enable the War Department now to make cheaper contracts for the transportation of supplies to Utah than if delayed until Autumn. A million and a quarter of the deficiency to be supplied by this bill came as a legacy from the previous Administration. If the Utah expedition was improperly begun, as was said, why did the House pass a resolution that rebellion exists there, and subsequently pass a bill to furnish volunteers? It is now too late to urge as a plea for the defeat of the Deficiency Bill, that the President did not get the consent of Congress before he began to reinforce the troops in Utah. Mr. Letcher then proceeded to defend the bill generally.

During the debate on the amendments, Messrs. Washburne, of Maine, and Granger, of New York, opposed granting the supplies for the Utah expedition, on the grounds that the President is prosecuting the war against the Mormons without authority.

Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, was willing to undertake the war with Utah by contract, at half the amount that the bill proposed to appropriate. All the Government had to say was whether Brigham Young is to be hung, and how many men it wants killed.

Mr. Letcher replied that it was not known before that the gentleman was a fighting man. Otherwise, probably the Secretary of War would have spoken to him on the subject. (Laughter.)

Mr. Hughes, of Indiana, in reply to an incidental remark of Mr. Colfax, of Indiana, said that the debate on the Kansas question was opened by the little giant from Ohio, Mr. Cox, and he (Mr. Hughes) only spoke at that time fifteen minutes in response. But if his colleague would listen to a speech he could convert him. (Laughter.)

Mr. Colfax replied that his colleague would find his labor to be in vain.

Mr. Hughes—I have converted you, for you declared that you would not vote for the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution, and yet you did so vote the other day. (Laughter.)

Mr. Colfax replied that he had not voted to ratify, but to reject that Constitution. He had voted to admit Kansas as a State, without endorsing any Constitution, leaving the people to vote on the Lecompton Constitution under such circumstances as the Washington Union said, as would induce them to reject it. He had voted for the Crittenden amendment, which the same paper said was as full of Black Republicanism as an egg was full of meat.

On motion of Mr. Garnet, of Va., the Committee rose and reported the bill with a recommendation that it be re-committed to the Committee on Ways and Means, with instructions to report in separate bills the items for deficiencies under each head, and the expenditure for the service during the present fiscal year, and in another bill all the appropriations designed for the next fiscal year, and also with instructions to inquire what further legislation is necessary to restore to Congress an efficient control over the expenses of the Government.

Mr. Letcher raised the question that such instructions could not be given, as it would be impossible to comply with them.

The Speaker replied that the report was severe in its character, but at the same time it was competent for the Committee to make the recommendation.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, said if the recommendation prevailed, it would amount to a practical defeat of the bill.

The previous question was ordered on agreeing to the instructions to the Committee of Ways and Means, pending which the House adjourned.

On the 8th, Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, moved to lay on the table the Deficiency Appropriation Bill. Negatived—Yeas 43, nays 143.

The question was then ordered on the motion pending at the adjournment yesterday, viz.: to re-commit the bill to the Committee of Ways and Means, with instructions to report on separate bills the items for deficiency under each head for the expenditure for service during the present fiscal year, and in another bill all appropriations designed for the next fiscal year, and also with instructions to inquire what further legislation is necessary to restore to Congress an efficient control over the expenses of the Government. The motion was decided in the negative—Yeas 101, nays 119.

The bill was then rejected—Yeas 106, nays 124.

On motion of Mr. Montgomery, of Pennsylvania, the House proceeded to the consideration of the Kansas Bill. Mr. Montgomery moved that the House adhere to its amendment.

Mr. Bocock, of Virginia, asked whether, if this motion was agreed to, all chance of settlement would be cut off.

The Speaker said he would decide the question when a contingency arises.

Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, moved the previous question.

Mr. Seward, of Georgia, moved to recede from the amendment.

Mr. English, of Indiana, appealed to Mr. Montgomery to withdraw his motion.

Mr. Montgomery said it would afford him much pleasure to comply with a request of the gentleman from Indiana, but he could not consent to withdraw his motion.

Much confusion prevailed, and various questions were asked regarding the effect of the vote.

The House then proceeded to vote on the motion to adhere to the House amendment.—The motion was decided in the affirmative—Yeas 119, nays 111.

[The vote on this motion was the same as that on the adoption of the bill as amended, a week ago, with the exception that Mr. Marshall and Mr. Bowie paired off.]

A resolution to reconsider was laid on the table.

Mr. Branch, of North Carolina, offered a resolution instructing the Committee of Ways and Means to report six bills, thus separating the items in the Deficiency Bill rejected this morning. He said the army was now beyond the frontier, and cannot receive supplies, nor advance nor recede, unless Congress appropriates the money. He presumed that no gentleman desired the army to be cut to pieces by the fierce fanatics arrayed against it, nor to starve for want of provisions.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, opposed the re-commitment of the bill to the Committee of Ways and Means, and, so far as he was concerned, he was willing that it should pass, provided the Administration take the responsibility.

Several Democrats explained that they voted against the bill on account of the appropriations introduced not coming under the head of deficiencies.

Pending a motion to reconsider the vote rejecting the bill, the House adjourned.

On the 9th, Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, made an ineffectual effort to introduce a resolution calling on the Secretary of War to inform the House how many officers of the army were absent from their duties, or at the seat of government, and how many hold civil offices, by election or otherwise.

Mr. Branch, of North Carolina, spoke with reference to a reconsideration of the vote by which the Deficiency Appropriation Bill was rejected. He hesitated not to declare that the monstrous expenditures of the army had almost reached a point to induce the entire country to rise and demand a reform, and he pointed out the way by which this could be effected. He believed, as had been heretofore declared by the House, in the form of a resolution, that Utah is now in a state of rebellion, and it is now unjust and too late to undertake the control the discretion of the President as to the disposal of the troops.

Mr. J. Glancy Jones, of Penna., in reply, said that the Quartermaster-General did not set the estimates on his own responsibility, but they were received with the endorsement of the Secretary of War.

Mr. Branch was satisfied with the explanation, and was glad to find that no outrage on propriety had been perpetrated by any Bureau officer.

The vote by which the Deficiency Bill was yesterday rejected was reconsidered.

A motion to recommit the bill to the Committee on Ways and Means was then negatived.

The Deficiency Appropriation Bill was then passed—yeas 111, nays 79.

At 2½ o'clock, P. M., Mr. Morris, of Penna., announced that he had just heard of the death of ex Senator Thomas H. Benton, and as a fit testimonial of respect moved that the House immediately adjourn. The motion was unanimously agreed to. Adjourned to Monday.

[The announcement of the death of Mr. Benton was premature. He is *still alive*, though in a sinking condition. Before the members of the House separated a letter was read dated yesterday, written by Mr. Benton to Mr. Houston, and Mr. Jones, of Tenn., saying that in the event of his death he expressly desired that no notice should be taken of it—that no rule of either House will justify such a proceeding, and besides, it was contrary to his convictions, expressed many years ago.]

BEECHER AT BURTON'S.—During one of the Reverend gentleman's stirring exhortations, he declared that he used the terms "Christians and Sinners," and didn't like to say "Saints and Sinners," like some brethren, for no one felt the need of pardoning grace more than a true Christian, and asked if any one in the vast audience could be excluded from the rank of sinners? A well dressed man in the parquette jumped up and said, "I must be excluded, because I am free from sin." Mr. Beecher instantly replied, with characteristic emphasis, "Then, blessed be God, you ought to have been in heaven long ago—that's more than I or any of the rest of us can say. It is more than ministers of Christ can say, and the sooner the Lord takes you home to himself the better. (Great laughter.) I cannot say, nor would I be the man not to say, 'Father, forgive me my daily sins.' We preachers preach too much, as though we were too good ourselves, and don't keep religion enough for home consumption. [Clergy on the stage cried hear, hear.] We may as well," returned Beecher, "make an open confession. We have learned theology at the schools, and we've been teaching it like school boys saying their lessons, and the ordination that many of the clergy themselves wanted was *conversion*."

WEST INDIES.—We have a little later news from the West Indies by the Ocean Bird. The Barbadoes dates are to the 20th of February.

The Jamaica Standard asserts that every hundred weight of sugar, growing in Jamaica, costs fully 100 per cent. more than the same quantity does in Cuba—slave labor in the latter place being the cause of the difference.

Up to the first week in January no less than 900 colored men in Jamaica had enlisted into the 2nd and 3rd West India regiments.

Mrs. Susan Frederick, a Quaker lady, from Baltimore, is making a tour through Jamaica; and she recently preached to a congregation of two thousand persons, occupying the pulpit of the Baptist Church at Spanish Town in that island.

It is anticipated that the sugar crop at Barbadoes will, this year, give the large return of 60,000 hogsheads.

The sugar crop at Grenada, this year, will be, it is said, more than an average one.

GUANO.—The Sumter (S. C.) Watchman gives a scrap of information in regard to guano, which may be of interest to our farmers. The editor says:—"A planter in our district, who had used a water trough in which to pulverize or dissolve guano, instructed that the trough should be thoroughly cleansed before used. It seems that the work was but imperfectly or partially performed, and that a number of his hogs drank from it in that condition. Some five or six of these died a short time afterwards. Their necks and throats were very much swollen before death ensued. A calf, which also drank, died in a similar way. The statements we regard as being entirely reliable. Great caution should, therefore, be employed in the use of guano."

HORSE-TAMING.

The Boston Traveller has the following article on Mr. Rarey's system of horse-taming:—

"We saw Mr. Rarey in this city some two years since, and had a long and interesting conversation with him in regard to his peculiar mode of subduing wild and vicious horses. Mr. Rarey is a small and rather spare person, the only peculiarity about him being a very keen blue eye. His method of managing a vicious animal entirely precluded the use of force or fear, and he represented that his power was obtained solely through certain herbs and drugs, first subduing the desire of the horse to injure him, and then by inspiring the beast with affection and confidence he is enabled to do whatever he chooses with him. These herbs and drugs are perfectly harmless, and as Sir Richard Airey says, 'there is nothing in the treatment but what any horseman would approve of. Mr. Rarey did not communicate his secret to us, but we have no doubt his treatment is substantially the same as that described in the following extract which has been floating through the papers of this country for several years:

"'The horse-castor is a wart, or excrescence, which grows on every horse's fore legs, and generally on the hind legs. It has a peculiar rank, musty smell, and is easily pulled off. The ammoniacal effluvia of the horse seems peculiarly to concentrate in this part, and its very strong odor has a great attraction for all animals, especially canine, and the horse itself.

"'The oil of Rhodium possesses peculiar properties. All animals seem to cherish a fondness for it, and it exercises a kind of subduing influence over them.

"'For the oil of Cumin the horse has an instinctive passion—both are original natives of Arabia, and, when the horse scents the odor, he is instinctively drawn towards it.

"'The directions given for taming horses are as follows:

"'Procure some horse castor, and grate it fine. Also get some oil of Rhodium, and oil of Cumin, and keep the three separate in air-tight bottles.

"'Rub a little oil of Cumin upon your hand, and approach the horse in the field, on the windward side, so that he can smell the Cumin. The horse will let you come up to him then without any trouble. Immediately rub your hand gently on the horse's nose, getting a little of the oil on it. You can lead him anywhere. Give him a little of the castor on a piece of loaf sugar or potato.

"'Put eight drops of oil of Rhodium in a lady's silver thimble. Take the thimble between the thumb and middle finger, stopping the mouth of the thimble to prevent the oil from running out whilst you open the mouth of the horse. As soon as you have opened the horse's mouth, tip the thimble over upon his tongue, and he is your servant. He will follow you like a pet dog. He is now your pupil and your friend. You can teach him anything, only be kind to him, be gentle. Love him and he will love you. Feed him before you do yourself. Shelter him well; groom him yourself, keep him clean, and at night always give him a good bed at least a foot deep.

"'In the winter season, don't let your horse stand out a long time in the cold without shelter or covering; for the horse is a native of a warm climate, and in many respects his constitution is as tender as a man's.

"'If you want to teach him to lie down, stand on his left side; have a couple of leather straps about six feet long; string up his left leg with one of them round his neck; strap the other end of it over his shoulders; hold it in your hand, and when you are ready, tell him to lie down, at the same time gently, firmly, and steadily pulling on the strap, touching him lightly on the knee with a switch. The horse will immediately lie down. Do this a few times, and you can make him lie down without the strap.'

"Mr. Rarey had subdued many vicious horses in different parts of the country, accounts of which have frequently been published. Among other cases was that of a horse in Washington, which could not be handled. Under Mr. Rarey's tuition, in an hour and a half he made the horse so gentle that he rode it down the open street without a bridle, beating a drum while seated on his back."

PROPAGATION OF FISH.—The experiments made by order of the Emperor of the French, to stock the waters at St. Cloud with trout hatched artificially has met with complete success. The trout, twelve months old, are 20 centimètres long, and weigh from 65 to 90 grammes. Their value, in the Paris markets, would be from 1 franc to 1 franc and 25 centimes. The trout thirty-three months old, are from 48 to 50 centimètres long, and weigh from 675 to 1,170 grammes. They would sell for from 3 to 6 francs. It is further stated that the waters at St. Cloud were never before inhabited by any species of Salmonidæ. The trout are extremely numerous, and promise to yield highly productive returns, in a commercial point of view. The principal object of the Emperor is to ascertain whether the production of fish by artificial means is more profitable than the cultivation of land, taking the same superficial area in both cases.

THE TEA CULTURE.—A few days since, Mr. Fortune sailed once more for China, but this time in the service of the United States Government. His object is to procure a very large supply of tea plants for trial in some part of the American Union, and such other Chinese productions as it may appear desirable to introduce. We cannot but look upon this as an arrangement not only most honorable to our energetic and distinguished countryman, but reflecting much credit upon the Government of Washington itself, which has shown how well it knows how to appreciate merit among strangers as well as its own people. Mr. Fortune carries with him the good wishes of all who know—as who does not?—the very great services he has already performed in carrying all that is most precious in the vegetation of the extreme east to the more civilized countries of the west.—*London Gardener's Chronicle.*

SAD CASUALTY.—Professor Hudson, Professor of Mathematics for twenty years in Oberlin College, met a frightful death on Thursday week, upon the Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati Railroad. He had been in Cleveland and Olmstead during the day, and was discovered lying on the track near the latter place, by the engineer of an evening train, who attempted to stop the train, but could not until it passed over the body. It is supposed that he attempted to get aboard of a previous train, but had fallen on the track and been run over. Life, however, was not quite extinct before the passage of the second train, as the engineer saw him raise one of his arms. After the second train had passed over him, the body was found fearfully mangled, the head being separated from it, and the clothing, portions of the carpet-bag, papers, &c., being found scattered along the track.

THE FRENCH PASSPORT NUISANCE.—The new "Continental System," by which it is sought to exclude suspicious arrivals from England, has already begun to tell fearfully on the shopkeepers of Paris. Galignani's great room is a desert. People will not be at the trouble of all this cumbrous machinery of solemn passports, and this metropolis cannot live on Russians alone; *le jeu* (of hotel-keeping) *ne vaut pas la chandelle*. Yet a few weeks, and Paris will feel the want of the usual swarms of paying pilgrims from Albion:

"In Cairo's crowded streets
The merchant mourns the missing caravan,
And Mecca sickens at the long delay."

AN Italian in Chicago, worth upwards of $20,000, who owns five houses on Milwaukie avenue, has seven or eight girls in his employ begging and stealing.

YOUNG GIRL IN A TRANCE FORTY-EIGHT HOURS.—About 10 o'clock last Thursday night, a young girl, named Isabella Ellison, residing in Washington street, Poughkeepsie, while at the altar at a Methodist church in that city, suddenly lifted up her hands and fell backwards, apparently dead. Several persons immediately ran to her assistance, and raised her, when to their horror they discovered that her eyes were glazed and set, her features pale as marble, her lips colorless, and her feet and hands cold as those of a corpse. It was shortly discovered that she yet breathed, when she was conveyed to her residence, the preacher saying that she was in a trance, and when a member advised that medical assistance should be procured, he objected, saying, "the Lord has placed her in this mysterious state, and He will, at His own time, raise her to testify to His goodness."

She remained in this state until Saturday evening, excepting a slight movement which occurred on Friday afternoon, when she lifted up her hand and made three or four efforts to clutch something, when the arm fell back over the head-board of the bed. Two or three of the women who were in the house at the time attempted to replace the arm upon the bed, but were unable to bend or move it.

On Saturday evening a number of her friends were in the house singing her favorite hymn, when she suddenly lifted up her hand, crying out, "glory! hallelujah!" She then turned to one of her friends, and calling her by name, said, "repent, repent. Oh, if you had seen what I have, you would not live another moment in your sins, but would pray to God to have mercy upon you. I have been in Heaven; it is lit up with the glory of God, and around the throne were thousands of angels, singing sweetly the praises of the King of Heaven. By and by Jesus came past and spoke to me. I also saw the great gulf, but could scarcely see the bottom of it."

On Friday night a number of persons visited the house, and remained singing and praying until daylight. The young woman was very weak when she awoke out of the trance, but was stronger yesterday morning, and attended church. The case has caused considerable excitement in Poughkeepsie.—*N. Y. Commercial, of Monday.*

On Friday the Poughkeepsie girl revived a little, and Rev. Mr. Garrison, who was present, advised that she should be raised up, so that the blood would circulate, when she exclaimed:—"Don't touch me; see Jesus, see Jesus—ain't he beautiful! He is sitting on a dazzling throne—angels are giving Him praise!"—and then exclaimed, "I'm going back again," and again swooned. While looking at what she thought to be hell, she said, "Jesus reached forth His lily-white hand, and dragged me from the pit. In heaven is a tree—the angels are climbing up and down, giving God the praise. My friends," she then exclaimed, "get ready, get ready—the judgment day is near at hand. I do not expect to be here with my friends long; and if you knew what I know, no one would live any longer in their sins." She attends meeting regularly, and is getting quite strong. Many in Poughkeepsie believe that she was laboring under nervous excitement; but she has lived the last seven months with Mrs. Garrison, and during that time has never once complained of sickness, and she is also a very strong-minded girl, and not at all nervous.—Friday night, at the same church, two persons also, while at the altar, fell back in a trance but did not remain in that state longer than two hours.—*Evening Post.*

NEW TANNING PROCESS.—Two new methods of tanning leather have been recently brought before the public, one by Messrs. Shaw & Clark of Maine, who use in the operation a machine which is the subject of their patent. They claim that the use of this machine greatly improves the grain of the stock produced, by keeping the hide perfectly smooth and extended while in the liquors; that it prevents the destruction of the gelatine, and consequently adds to the weight of the hide, and shortens the time of tanning by having the hides constantly and thoroughly exposed on all sides to the liquors, beside exposing them to the action of the strongest liquors of the vat, and enabling the operator to change them from vat to vat with extraordinary facility. Another improved process consists in first removing the hair from the hides, and thoroughly cleansing them in pure water or in salt and water. A liquor is then made by steeping 40 pounds of Sicily sumac, or 150 pounds of unground native sumac, in 250 gallons of water, to which 25 pounds of salt are added. This is sufficient for 50 sides, which remain in the liquor, say 20 hours, more or less, according to the temperature of the liquor, blood-heat being the best. After remaining in this liquor as aforesaid, 200 gallons of strong oak or hemlock infusion are added to it, and 15 pounds of salt, and the sides are allowed to remain for 12 to 24 hours longer. After being removed, they are placed in a new liquor the same as the last, and allowed to remain there six days. This process is said to possess the merit of greatly abridging the time usually required for tanning, besides yielding an article of leather fully up to the requirements of the market.

THE PROSTRATION OF DOMESTIC INDUSTRY.—Take a single branch of national industry as an illustration. Of 48 furnaces in the Schuylkill, Lebanon, Susquehanna and Juniata Valleys of this State, 37 are idle. Of the numerous charcoal iron works in North-Western Pennsylvania, only 20 are running. Nearly all of the 60 furnaces of Southern Ohio have stopped. In the iron region of Tennessee, not one in five is at work. It is the same thing in New Jersey, Maryland and Virginia. There are at this moment 1,436 iron works in the United States, 121 anthracite furnaces, 622 charcoal, coke and raw bituminous furnaces, 470 bloomeries and forges, and 223 rolling mills. Yet nearly one-third of all these establishments have not only ceased to work, but have been permanently abandoned. More than half the iron made in this country is produced in Pennsylvania. The past year, at its opening, promised to show an increased production, but the high rates demanded for money, combined with the collapse of October, struck the iron interest with death. Everywhere the rolling-mills were stopped, the furnaces went out of blast, and tens of thousands of laborers doomed to an idleness that still continues. So far from showing an increase of production over 1856, the deficiency is enormous. The palsy has extended to all the iron-consuming departments of business. No wonder that freights on railroads and canals sink to a ruinous minimum, for coal and iron cease to be transported, because the former is no longer needed to produce the latter.

TERRIFIC FIGHT OF EAGLES.—On Saturday, of last week, Mr. Jones, the proprietor of the lower saw-mill, at Natchez, discovered two gigantic eagles in the air, over the river, engaged in furious combat. One was the great gray American eagle, and the other the bald-headed eagle. In their tremendous struggle, they grappled, and came down splashing into the river, where the fight continued as furious as ever. A steamboat passed over them, which submerged and nearly drowned them, and Mr. Jones immediately coming on them in a skiff, was able to capture and bring ashore both of them, although they were so fierce he was obliged, when on shore, to knock both of them senseless, before he could bind them with cords. He will keep both of them in cages for great national days, celebrations, and elections.

MR. THOMPSON, the Secretary of the Interior, was violently attacked recently, in the department at Washington, by a discharged clerk, named Besancon, who struck him and attempted to draw a pistol, but the Secretary threw him on the floor, and dislocated his shoulder, after which he was quietly disarmed, and sent, by the Secretary's orders, to the Infirmary.

Wit and Humor.

REV. PETER CARTWRIGHT AT THE ASTOR HOUSE.

Some church affairs made it necessary for Mr. Cartwright to visit New York city some years ago, and it was arranged for him that he should put up at the Astor House. It was here that his brethren expected to meet him; his social and denominational appointments had reference to the Astor House as his head-quarters. When Mr. Cartwright, however, appeared at the Astor, there was nothing in his backwoods appearance that suggested to its proprietors his worthy position among the fathers of Methodism; when, therefore, he requested to be shown to his room, he was very carelessly turned over to a servant to show him up stairs. Up stairs they went—up, up, up—Mr. Cartwright in wondering amazement lost, the servant apparently untiring in his amusement of ascending. Finally, the servant opened the door of an apartment up in the attic story, and pointed it out to Mr. C. as his room. Father Peter detained the servant while he should take a general survey of the premises—repeated the inquiry if this was the room he was to occupy—and at length, appearing to be well satisfied, he disposed of his baggage, and very politely requested the servant to be good enough to show him down stairs again. The servant preceded Father Cartwright down, down, down, till they reached at length the street landing; but, before the servant could make his escape, Peter inquired if he wouldn't please to show him up again! So up they went again, heavenward, and at last Peter found his room, and permitted the servant to depart in peace. The servant, however, had little more than found himself down stairs, when Uncle Peter rang the bell vigorously. In due time, up came the servant, by this time panting with the unusual exertion.

"My good friend, I am sorry to trouble you, but I should be glad to see the clerk, if you will be kind enough to send him to my room."

"Oh, certainly."

And so down, down goes the servant, to say to the clerk that a singular old chap up in the upper story wanted him to come to his room. And then up, up goes Mr. Clerk.

"Are you the clerk?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you will place me under great obligations to you, if you will show me the way down stairs!"

And when once more down stairs, after Uncle Peter had taken another careful survey of the surroundings the clerk very politely inquired if there was anything further he could do for him.

"Yes," says Uncle Peter, "yes, my friend, I would be greatly obliged to you for a broad-axe!"

"A broad-axe!" says Mr. Clerk, in astonishment, "and what do you propose to do with a broad-axe?"

"I thought I should like to *'blaze' my way to my room!*"

It is needless to say that Peter Cartwright was the lion of that week at the Astor; and that it was not further required of him to climb up that endless series of stairways—but, when his friends called again to inquire for, or call upon, him, they found him snugly ensconced in one of the most eligible rooms in the house.

A LUCID CHARGE.—The following, by a "Wolverine" Judge, is intended to define the crime of murder to a Wolverine jury: "Murder, gentlemen," said the Western Solon, "is where a man is murderously killed. The killer, in such a case, is a murderer. Now murder by poison, is as much murder as murder with a gun. It is the *murdering* that constitutes murder, in the eye of the law. You will bear in mind that murder is one thing, and manslaughter another; therefore, if it is not manslaughter, it must be murder; and if it be not murder, it must be manslaughter. Self-murder has nothing to do in this case; one man cannot commit *felo de se* on another; that is clearly my view. Gentlemen, I think you can have no difficulty. Murder, I say, is murder. The murder of a brother is called fratricide; but it is not fratricide if a man murders his mother. You will make up your minds. You know what murder is, and I need not tell what it is not. I repeat, murder is murder. You can retire upon it, if you like!"

ANECDOTE OF LORENZO DOW.—They tell a good story of Lorenzo Dow, or a perambulating preacher of his "school," to the effect, that riding once in a stage coach on his way to an appointment, he fell in company with some wild young blades, who were led, from his eccentric appearance and manner, to imagine that he was a proper subject for their jokes and raillery. He at once humored their design, by affecting silliness, and making the most absurd and senseless remarks. Upon arriving at the place where he was to stop, they ascertained who their butt was, and began to apologize, observing, in extenuation of their rudeness, that his own conversation had misled them. "Oh!" said he, "that's my way; I always try to accommodate myself to the company I am in: and when I am among fools, I talk foolish!"

AN ALLEGED ENGAGEMENT.—Among the spectators at the Boston Museum, last week, to witness the tragedy of "Jane Shore," was an affectionate pair of lovers, who had visited the theatre evidently not for the purpose of seeing the play, but to pass away the time in sentimental proximity—in other words in "courting." A young-looking fellow immediately behind them, seemed much delighted with their fondness, and that the audience might not be in doubt concerning that of which he was convinced, he took from his seat a large placard, which he placed on their shoulders, (they were so near that this could be done.) On the placard was printed in large letters, the word "Engaged." The act was seen by many, and "brought down the house."—*Boston Journal.*

DOING UP CONSIDERABLE SLEEP.

"Away out in Missouri" they live on the primitive system. People sleep as well as eat in companies, and in many of the hotels there are from three to a dozen beds in each chamber. On a cold winter's night, a weary and foot-worn traveller arrived at one of those caravansaries by the roadside. After stepping into the bar-room and taking the requisite number of "drinks," he invoked the attention of the accommodating landlady with this interrogatory:—"I say, ma'am, have you got a considerable number of beds in your house?" "Yes," answered she. "I reckon we have." "How many beds have you about this time that ain't noways engaged?" "Well, we've one room upstairs with eleven beds in it." "That's just right," said the traveller. "I'll take that room and engage all the beds, if you please." The landlady, not expecting any more company for the night, and thinking that her guest might wish to be alone, consented that he should occupy the room. But no sooner had the wayfarer retired, than a large party arrived and demanded lodgings for the night. The landlady told them she was very sorry, but all her rooms were engaged; true, there was one room with eleven beds in it, and only one gentleman. "We must go there, then—we must have beds there." The party accordingly proceeded to the chamber with the beds and rapped; no answer was returned. They essayed to open the door—it was locked. They shouted aloud, but received no reply. At last driven to desperation, they determined upon bursting open the door. They had no sooner done so than they discovered every bedstead empty, and all the beds piled one upon another in the centre of the room, with the traveller sound asleep on the top. They with some difficulty aroused him, and demanded what in the world he wanted with all those beds. "Why look here, strangers," said he, "I ain't had no sleep these eleven nights; so I just hired eleven beds, to get rested all at once and make up what I have lost. I calculated to do up a considerable mess of sleeping: I've hired all these beds and paid for 'em, and hang me if I don't have eleven nights sleep out on 'em before morning."

THE SILLY DISPENSATION.

Every young woman who has arrived at twenty years of age has passed through three dispensations—the chaotic, the transitional and the crystalline. The chaotic usually terminates with the adoption of the long skirt. Then commences the process of crystallization. This process may go on feebly for years, or it may proceed so rapidly that two years will complete it. In some women, it is never completed, in consequence of a lack of inherent vital force, or a criminal disregard of the requisite conditions. This transitional dispensation, which, for convenience of characterization, I will call the silly dispensation, is so full of dangers that it calls for a separate letter; and this I propose to write now.

The silly dispensation or stage of a young woman's life is marked by many curious symptoms, some of them indicative of disease. As the cutting of the natural teeth is usually accompanied by various disorders, so the cutting of the spiritual teeth in women is very apt to exhibit its results in abnormal manifestations. They sometimes eat slate pencils and chalk, and some have been known to take kindly to broken bits of plastering. Others take a literary turn, and, not content with any number of epistles to female acquaintances, send in contributions to the press, which the friendly and appreciative editor kindly and carefully returns, or as kindly and carefully loses, or fails to receive. Others still take to shopping and dawdling with clerks who have dawning beards, red cheeks, and frock coats with outside pockets from which protrude white handkerchief-tips. Still others yoke themselves in pairs, drawn together by sympathetic attraction, and by community of mental exercise on the subject of beaux. You shall see them walking through the streets, locked arm in arm, plunging into the most charming confidences, or, if you happen to sleep in the house with them, you shall hear them talking in their chamber until, at midnight, the monotonous hum of their voices has soothed you into sleep; and the same voices, with the same unbroken hum, shall greet your ears in the morning. Others take to solitude and long curls. They walk with their eyes down, murmuring to themselves, with the impression that everybody is looking at them.

If a young woman can be safely carried through this dispepsetion, the great step of life will have been gained. This is the era of hasty marriages, deathless attachments which last until they are superceded, and deliberately formed determinations to live a maiden life, which endure until the reception of an offer of marriage. If, during this period, a young woman be at home, engaged more or less in the duties of the household, or, if she be engaged in study with the healthful restraints and stimulus of general society about her it is very well for her. If she finds herself possessed with unaccountable proclivities to a mineral diet, or a foggy out reaching for something or other that manifests itself in profound confidence with one similarly afflicted, or any one of a hundred absorbing sentimentalisms, let her remember that she is mentally and morally sick, and that for her own comfort and peace she should seek at once for a remedy. Her only safety is in seeking direct contact with a healthier and more advanced life, and by securing healthful occupation for all her powers, intellectual and physical. Dreams, imaginations, silly talk and twaddle about young men, yearnings after sympathetic hearts, the fondling of precious little thoughts about beaux on the knees of fancy, and all that sort of nonsense, should be discarded—kicked out of the sacred precincts of the mind—as if they were so many foul reptiles. Get out of this feverish and unhealthy frame just as soon as possible, and walk forth into a more natural, dignified and womanly life.

THE GURNEYS.—The Quaker Gurneys are among the few descendants that yet linger among us of the original Norman barons by tenure, constituting the first body of aristocracy under the conqueror.—*Quarterly Review.*

FAIR AND EQUAL.

SISTER.—"Not give a ball, Charles! Fiddle! Why not? I tell you what,—if you will find the room, and the music, and the supper, and the champagne, and the ices,—I'll find the ladies! Come now!"

Agricultural.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

Cranberry Culture is exciting attention West. This is well. Wherever ground can be overflowed with water, and is somewhat sandy, cranberries can be cultivated with profit.—There are many places in Ohio and Michigan peculiarly suited to this fruit. We hope they may be improved in this way.

Saw Dust is valuable in the stable and barn-yard. It absorbs the urine, helps to make a good bed for stock, secures the rotting of manure sooner and makes it easier to mix the whole with the soil. Saw dust should have straw scattered above it in the stable, in order to make the best bed. Alone, saw dust is cold and hard. Saw dust is good, too, as a light mulch. But, if thin, it will not endure drought; and if thick, it is rather cold. Farmers who live near saw-mills, and can get the dust for the drawing, will make it pay.

Planting a Castor-Oil Bean on each square rod of ground, is said to be a sure way to prevent the gophers or striped prairie squirrels from digging up newly-planted corn. Might not the same mode be adopted to diminish the ravages of our own squirrels, in the same line?

Coal Ashes are used with advantage on some meadows. A man near Syracuse, says the *Rural New Yorker*, tried coal ashes side by side with good barn-yard manure. The grass where the coal ashes were spread was thicker and higher than where the manure was. He is going to experiment farther.

Inflamed Udders in cows may commonly be *prevented*, or arrested, (if attended to early) by milking clean very frequently, and keeping the cow on a spare diet for a few days.

To Test Seed Corn, remove the covering of the *chit*, and if it is sound, it will look bright and natural. If not, it would look livid and dead. Examine this matter carefully, as there was a great deal of unripe corn last fall.

Variety.—We are glad to see that Gasparin, a French agriculturist, has the same opinion as we have recently expressed, in regard to variety in the products of the farm. Among the advantages of a rotation in crops we mentioned this: that it secured a variety of experience and products. Gasparin recommends variety, because it promotes health and civilization. He is right.—*Ohio Farmer.*

HOW TO USE GUANO.

As we find that many people give daily *opinions* on the application of guano, though they have never used any of the article, we think it incumbent on us, as publishers of a paper relating to manures and farm management, to give a little advice in regard to the use of this special introduction.

Poor guano is nothing. Procure the real Peruvian if any, and you have a powerful article for any kind of crop. The modes of application have been various, as we should expect among people who are not much acquainted with it.

When any quantity is put into a hill of corn, potatoes, beans, or other hoed crop, it is very apt to do more harm than good, as it is so powerful that it must not come in contact with young roots, even though the guano has been diluted with loam at the rate of four to one.

We have used guano for a number of years, and have suffered loss by putting a small quantity in hills of corn. But latterly we prefer to sow the article broadcast and mix it at once with the soil. A good harrow will do this effectually—or a plough may be used when a slight furrow only is made.

Now, in order to sow even and well, take 300 pounds of guano into your garden and mix three times as much good loam with it. Let the whole remain a few days, in order to soften and break the hard lumps in the manure. This is a much better mode of pulverizing than pounding the lumps on a barn floor. Overhaul the heap daily with a hoe, and if the mass appears too dry, throw on water till the whole is moist enough to make the lumps crumble.

Three hundred pounds of first-rate guano make a good dressing for an acre of corn or wheat—equal to twenty cart loads of stable manure. Guano is often sown on to grass lands as we sow plaster. But this is decidedly a wrong mode of application, and we wonder not that many condemn the use of guano after trying it in this manner. It is a dry and fiery article, and though it might be of use on grass land, if sown in a rainy day, it could not have much effect in a dry time.

This article and plaster also do more service when mixed immediately with the soil than when left uncovered. We do not adopt the common opinion that guano is no benefit to the soil after the first year.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

SADDLES.

Has it ever occurred to you that our mode of placing the saddle on horses is highly objectionable? The girths, as generally used, are applied round the chest of the horse. Now, the chest, as everybody knows, is a movable, bony, and cartilaginous case, containing the lungs. The chest expands at every inspiration; consequently anything tending to prevent the proper expansion of the chest, and the proper inflation of the lungs, is in the highest degree detrimental. That the girths hinder this proper action there can be no doubt, and horses used in hunting and racing especially must experience the ill effects resulting from it. The much-inveighed-against practice among the fair sex of producing the slender waist is not so objectionable in principle. The long and small waist is got up at the proper place, just above the hips and under the chest, so that it does not interfere so much with the action of the ribs. It is the constant constriction and degree of tightness that is so injurious in their case. The proper place for the girths to be applied on the horse is round the waist, that is, under the flanks. I maintain—as you have no doubt seen on some of the old country nags, one girth is made to act as a crupper by being brought back under the flanks. Our saddle, I think, is generally placed a little too forward, and not quite over the "poise of balance," which is the spot of the longest spinous process of the dorsal vertebræ. What is the first thing the pedestrian thinks of before entering on his warlike or running match? Why the snugly adjusting his belt round the waist, not under his armpits. The application of the belt at the waist has a most salutary effect, because it acts as a supplementary muscle of respiration, assisting in the dilatation of the chest. I say, then, the saddle should be placed a little further back; from it the girths should be carried back round the abdominal muscles or waist. The saddle would then require a good strong but light breastplate or collar, and that would make it quite secure. The flaps would need a little altering to meet the changed position of the girths, which now, instead of being injurious, would be very beneficial to the horse, and improve his staying qualities.—*Correspondent of London Field.*

A USEFUL SUGGESTION.—Toads are most useful reptiles, and devour thousands of small insects that would otherwise eat up the vegetation. Gardeners well know this when they turn them into the hot-houses. As proof, I subjoin this testimony from a gardener: "In the autumn of last year a pit wherein I grew melons was so much infested with ants as to threaten the destruction of the whole crop, which they did first by perforating the skin, and afterwards eating their way into the fruit: and, after making several unsuccessful experiments to destroy them, it occurred to me that I had seen the toads feed on them. I accordingly put half-a-dozen toads into the pit, and in the course of a few days hardly a single ant was to be seen." There is at present now a plague of ants in many of the [illegible]on houses, which defy extermination. I strongly recommend those who are troubled with these plagues to try whether a toad or two wont help them.—*Buckland's Curiosities of Natural History.*

TO PREVENT CROWS AND BLACKBIRDS PULLING CORN.—As a remedy against Crows and Blackbirds pulling corn, the farmers about here drive down stakes, say from 8 to 10 rods from each other, and stretch the common cotton twine "criss-cross" through the field, and feel safe against the thieves. I have pursued the same course with entire success. This should be done before the corn comes up. The same twine will answer for a number of years. —*Rural New Yorker.*

POSTS HEAVING OUT BY FROST.—If your correspondent "A. O. P." will take a two-inch auger, and bore a hole near the bottom of the post, through which to put a good white oak pin, sixteen or eighteen inches long, and set his posts well down, with the pin in the hole as described, he will not be troubled with his posts heaving out. I have seen fences thus made stand until the posts rotted off at the surface of the ground, although it stood where the water was several feet above the top nearly every season during heavy freshets in the Susquehanna, and I have no doubt it will stand frost as well.—I. F. O., *Exchange.*

Useful Receipts.

ECONOMICAL MODE OF CLEARING COFFEE WHEN EGGS ARE SCARCE.—We frequently have the whites of eggs left out when making puddings, custards, &c. When they are to spare, beat them to a stiff froth, spread them on clean white paper, which is easily dried in the air or warm oven, after which roll it into a scroll and put away in a dry place; before making coffee, cut off a piece two inches square or larger, according to quantity of coffee, lay it in a gill of cold water till sufficiently moistened to make a slight mucilage, which pour on to your ground coffee, and mix well together—then add all to your boiler of water, which should be boiling hard at the time; your coffee can be made in the usual way. The inside skin of the egg shell answers the same purpose, dried and put away in paper bags; use them in the same way in making coffee.—*Corres. Country Gentleman.*

COOKING OLD FOWLS.—The following method is given in the Cottage Gardener for making the best and most savory dish with old fowls: Take a dish (an oval one is best), and it must have a cover to it; cut thin slices of bread, and line the bottom and sides of it with them; then put a layer of bacon. You may then either put in your fowl whole, or, if you have more than one, you may cut them up; if the latter, place them in layers, filling up with any old scraps of meat you may have—nothing is too common or too fat; any remnants or trimming, pieces of bacon, any of the little bits that turn to no account; but fill every space—make it, in fact, a sort of edible grouting. When the dish is full, pour in gravy; or, lacking that, pour in water till it is full; then put a layer of bacon and bread, as before; put on the lid, and tie it down. Let it be put in a slack oven over night, and allowed to remain simmering till the morning; then let it get cold, and your old Cochin China and Dorking cock will be tender and juicy, and built in in a bed of jelly and succulent meat. Your odds and ends of fat will be turned to flavored marrow, and the bits of stray meat will be seen set in amber. Hungry boys and girls are very fond of the crisp slices of bread that have lined the vessel. The top of the tureen should have the necessary small hole, to prevent a blow-up.

WARTS.—I have a very fine mare that, when I got her, had a large wart on her hind leg. I got five cents' worth of corrosive sublimate, took an old case knife and put it on the wart dry. Three or four applications will cure the worst kind of a wart.—*Prairie Farmer.*

RECIPE FOR MAKING SAP BEER.—Take one pound of good hops, put them in a clean barrel, and take it to the orchard; fill the barrel with sap and set it away for use; in about two weeks it will be fit for drinking, and will remain good till June.—*N. E. Farmer.*

RHEUMATIC LAMENESS IN A HORSE.—For a rheumatic lameness in a horse, a handfull of sunflower seed in his feed, two or three times a week will make him as limber as ever.—*Rural New Yorker.*

GALLS AND SCRATCHES IN HORSES.—After you have done your day's work, take cold water and wash their shoulders good, and they will not get sore. Then wash their feet and legs clean, and if your horse have the scratches, in the morning grease them with lard; if they have not, the washing will prevent them. This is all I ever do, and it never fails.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

YEAST FOR CAKES OR BREAD.—In a quart of boiling water stir sufficient wheat flour to make a smooth thick batter; while hot, stir in it four ounces white sugar and a teaspoonful of salt. When cold, put in sufficient yeast (say near a teacupful) to cause the mass to ferment. Lay it by in a covered jar for use. Half a teacupful is enough to make two large loaves. To renew the yeast, when used up, reserve a teacupful.

This recipe my wife considers her own invention, as she has never seen it. It is simple and efficient for raising buckwheat cakes and bread very light and very white if the flour is good.

BE SPARING OF DRUGS.—Dr. O. W. Holmes, whose reputation as a physician runs neck and neck with his literary popularity, in his valedictory address to the medical students of Harvard University, delivered on the 10th ultimo, gives the following, we doubt not judicious, advice to the medical students who were about to graduate:—"With regard to the exhibition of drugs as a part of your medical treatment, the golden rule is, *be sparing.* Many remedies you give would make a well person so ill that he would send for you at once if he had taken one of your doses accidentally. It is not quite fair to give such things to a sick man, unless it is clear that they will do more good than the very considerable harm you know they will cause. Be very gracious with children especially. I have seen old men shiver at the recollection of the rhubarb and jalap of infancy. You may depend upon it that half the success of Hommopathy is due to the sweet peace it has brought into the nursery. Between the gurgling down of loathsome mixtures and the saccharine deliquescence of a minute globule, what tender mother could for a moment hesitate?"

☞ "Let us build such a church, that those who come after us shall take us for madmen," said the old canon of Seville, when the great cathedral was planned. Perhaps through every mind passes some such thought, when it first entertains the design of some great and seemingly impossible action, the end of which it dimly foresees. This divine madness enters more or less into all our noblest undertakings.

The Riddler.

PHILOSOPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 56 letters.

My 27, 24, 53, 19, 36, 20, 26, is a mineral found in foliated crystals, of a greenish white color.

My 16, 21, 45, 37, 28, is one of the planets.

My 11, 19, 53, 14, 17, 36, 40, 2, 44, 21, is a part of the eye.

My 47, 52, 27, is a property belonging to all bodies submerged in water.

My 11, 51, 28, 46, 56, 52, is a body of which the centre is at the same distance from every part of the circumference.

My 11, 21, 31, 15, is the minute particles of rock or stone.

My 4, 21, 30, 31, is a phenomenon caused by the intermixture of masses of moisture.

My 12, 22, 53, 27, 36, 31, was an American philosopher and mechanic.

My 5, 6, 11, 16, 34, 46, are those substances which are insoluble except in alcohol, ether or alkalies.

My 13, 32, 43, 2, 31, is a juice extracted from the pine-tree.

My 12, 7, 9, 27, 29, is a musical instrument.

My 52, 55, 7, 19, 21, 31, 36, is a phenomenon which is attributed by Werner and his disciples to the spontaneous combustion of beds of coal.

My 32, 21, 31, 33, is a philosophical invention to indicate the direction of the wind.

My 25, 21, 37, 31, 33, 35, is one of the families of minerals.

My 37, 50, 25, is condensed vapor arising from damp ground.

My 1, 21, 7, 24, 29, 50, 40, 41, 42, 49, 10, 21, was an antediluvian animal, which, says Cuvier, must have resembled the tapirs of the present day.

My 38, 45, 3, 12, 2, 21, 31, 35, is a gas, so called, from its property of forming a substance like oil when added to chlorine.

My 8, 48, 27, 30, 44, 11, is the science which treats of light.

My whole was a distinguished French mechanician.

GARMEW.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am not possessed of life,
Yet I move along with ease,
Across the ocean and the lake,
Or o'er the forest trees.

If you travel on land or sea,
You'll often see my form,
Yet strange as this may sound to you,
I ne'er do any harm.

I'm formed by the clouds that soar beneath
The azure sky of June,
When brightly shines the summer's sun
At morning or at noon.

I swiftly float across the fields,
And yet I have no wings;
I'm seen beneath the forest tree
When songs the robin sings.

I'm found a'ong the river's bank,
And upon the rippling stream.
When winter's snow is on the hills,
Or when the fields are green.

When brightly shines the moon at night,
You'll see me just as well
As in the glaring light of day,—
Now, pray, the answer tell.

Pequea, Lancaster Co., Pa ALPHA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a personal pronoun.
My second is a neuter verb.
My third is a personal pronoun.
My whole is a capital in Soudan.

Coopersville. J. L. A.

GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. O-for-lamb-head!!
2. We-go-so.
3. Cut-sari.
4. O-sans!
5. Kill-nuts.
6. Not-rome.
7. Corky.
8. T-get-a-cat?
9. Rat.
10. Goes.

CINROS.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Francis gave $729 into some profitable trading business as an original stock, which increased in an even and uniform ratio, or per cent,—but he annually spends $100 of this increase. The balance of this increase yearly was added to the former stock, and increased at the same per cent. as the former year's stock did. Now at the end of five years it is found that his stock in the concern is worth $2,107.80 20-81 cts. Can you tell me the ratio that the stock did annually increase in?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Crotaersville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ Why is a man in serious thought like a dead man? Ans.—Both are grave subjects.

☞ What leader of the Israelites had no father? Ans.—Joshua, because he was the son of Nun, (none).

☞ What word is there of five letters, which, if you take away two, six will remain? Ans.—Sixty.

☞ Why would it be correct to infer that there was a mill in Eden? Ans.—Because we know a dam (Adam) was there. L. J. F.

Pottstown, Pa

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Stephen Decatur. ASTRONOMICAL ENIGMA—The Mariner's Compass ENIGMA—Miscellaneous Enigma.—CHARADE—Steam-ship. RIDDLE—Wine. (Win, new). ANAGRAMS—Alleghany, Androscoggin, Cumberland, Muskingham, Housatonick, Yellow Water, Big Sandy, Susquehanna, Shenandoah, Penobscot, Des Moines, Chicopee.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

For the Horse he paid	$42.79 5-6.
For the Chaise he paid	50 20 5-6.
For the Harness he paid	50.37 3-6.
Total,	$150.28 1-6.

GARNEW—Your Mythological Rebus is too long for our limits. This is also the case with various enigmas, &c., which we have received from time to time from different authors

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☞ At a very learned discussion on strata, the other day, at the house of the learned professor, a Mr. B. asked if there were any strata of precious gems. "No, none whatever," replied Professor Agassiz. "I've heard of one," said Mr. B. "Impossible!" was the rejoinder. "Oh, yes," said B.; "and it was called a *strata-gem!*"